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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

Screenplay by
John Paxton

PART I

FINAL

4/21/44 57

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*Received from*

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FINAL

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FADE IN

INT. ROOM IN HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

1 CLOSE SHOT on spot of reflected glare made by an office lamp on a glass-topped desk. It is hot, raw -- like looking into a blinding searchlight. We HOLD on it as three voices punch out:

FIRST VOICE
(reasonably sarcastic)
I remember you as a pretty noisy little fellow, son. All of a sudden you get quiet --

SECOND VOICE
(hitting harder)
You lost your book of answers? Or you just waiting for your lawyer?

THIRD VOICE
(still harder)
Maybe you don't think murder looks so good on you?

A moment's pause. Whoever is being questioned doesn't answer. Then the CAMERA PULLS UP and BACK, revealing the source of the glare and the three detectives, grouped around the desk, who have just spoken. We COME ON BACK until the head and shoulders of a man loom up, his back to the camera, silhouetted in the right f.g. When he speaks, his voice is even, tired:

MAN (MARLOWE)
Maybe I didn't do it.

The first detective glances sarcastically at the one who spoke last.

FIRST DETECTIVE
Maybe he didn't do it, Nulty.

2 CLOSE SHOT - Nulty, as he leans forward. He has a lean, pickled face, hard in the light of the lamp.

(CONTINUED)

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2 (CONTINUED)

NULTY
Look, Marlowe -- we're arraigning you. It ain't personal. We don't like you, but it ain't personal. We just got a certain routine to follow after a killing.

3 WIDER ANGLE. Marlowe shifts in his chair, his back still to the camera.

MARLOWE
Where's Randall?

NULTY
He asked us to talk to you -- if that's all right.

MARLOWE
Is he holding the kid?

NULTY
I wouldn't know.

MARLOWE
Is she all right?

NULTY
I wouldn't know that, either. When did you see her last?

MARLOWE
I forgot.

Nulty makes an exasperated gesture, gets to his feet. A door opens o.s. Marlowe reacts, pokes vainly in his pockets for cigarettes while he listens to the footsteps crossing the room. The man who has entered comes into the shot, crosses to Nulty, mumbles indistinctly. He has a tightly-drawn face, calm, scientific. Nulty shakes his head.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(cocking his head toward the mumble)
Randall?

Randall grunts affirmatively, steps over, CAMERA PANNING him, looks down at Marlowe without expression.

RANDALL
How do you feel?

MARLOWE
Like a chunk in a shooting gallery.

(CONTINUED)

His back is still to the camera. He is still fishing for cigarettes, without success. Randall extends a pack.

RANDALL

Cigarette?

MARLOWE

Yeh -- thanks.

He reaches for the cigarette, misses it a foot, locates it finally. Randall strikes a kitchen match. Marlowe turns toward the sound. As he does, his profile comes to the camera and WE MOVE IN.

His eyes are completely bandaged; above the bandage and around the mouth are beads of perspiration. He takes Randall's wrist, guiding the match to the cigarette in his mouth.

RANDALL'S VOICE
(quietly)
Want to make a statement?

A cheek muscle below the bandage flickers. Waiting for an answer, Randall circles noiselessly to take a chair. The CAMERA SWINGS WITH him, slowly, studying Marlowe's bandaged face. The features are strong, even a little arrogant. Whatever happened to them wasn't a beauty treatment, but Marlowe is still good-looking in a hard-bitten way.

MARLOWE
(looking steadily at the spot where Randall was, but isn't now, his mouth serious)
The boys tell me I did a couple of murders. Anything in it?

No answer from Randall.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
You got a rope under my ears, huh?

4 ANOTHER ANGLE. Randall's expression is non-committal.

RANDALL
I think you'd better let me have it.

Marlowe corrects his bearings, turns toward the origin of Randall's voice.

RANDALL (cont'd)
I'll have to hold it on you, but I think you'd better let me have it.

4 (CONTINUED)

Marlowe seems to be studying Randall's face thoughtfully; then he smiles, slowly, painfully.

MARLOWE

Okay, darling. Bring in your book.

Randall nods o.s.

5 WIDER ANGLE as a police secretary emerges from the shadows, takes a chair near the lamp.

RANDALL

We're all set.

MARLOWE

The works?

RANDALL

Yeh.

MARLOWE

(hesitating)
Some of it you know. If I misquote you --

RANDALL

Let's get it on the record, from the beginning.

MARLOWE

(with a shrug)
With Malloy, then. It was about seven. Anyway, it was dark --

RANDALL

What were you doing at the office that late?

6 ANOTHER ANGLE featuring Marlowe. His back is to a window through which we see the city sky line.

MARLOWE

(grinning)
I'm a homing pigeon. I always come back to the twinkling copp no matter how late it is. I'd been out peeling under old Sunday sections for a barber named Dominic whose wife wanted him back. I forget why.

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
The only reason I took the job was because my bank account was trying to crawl under a duck. And I never found him. . .

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

7 LONG SHOT of city at night framed by the window. We MOVE THROUGH as Marlowe continues. Then the side of an unlighted building fills the screen.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
. . . I just found out all over again how big this city is. . .

8 A street car moves across the camera, the sign on the cab reading "LOS ANGELES," continues on, disclosing the Follies Burlesque.

My feet hurt. And my mind felt like a plumber's handkerchief..

9-11 SERIES OF SHOTS establishing Main Street, ending with a sign outside a Chinese restaurant -- three big Chinese characters flashing slowly on and off.

The CAMERA PANS from the sign UP TO an unlighted window on the second floor of a cheap office building.

The office bottle hadn't sparked me up, so I'd taken out my little black book and decided to go grouse-hunting...

12 We MOVE IN on the window, lettered "PHILIP MARLOWE, CRIMINAL AND CIVIL INVESTIGATIONS." The sign across the street goes off; we make out Marlowe sitting on his spine in a swivel chair, feet on the window ledge, a 'phone under his ear. We can't hear the words, but it isn't business.

We MOVE IN THROUGH the window as he hangs up.

Nothing like soft shoulders to improve my morale. . .

The soft shoulders had a date. But she thought she could do something about that and was going to check right back.

INT. MARLOWE'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

13 CLOSE SHOT as he finds a cigarette, lights it, giving us a chance to study his face minus the bandages. It's a contradictory face; both tough and sensitive.

There's something about the dead silence of an office building at night -- not quite real- the traffic down below -- as something that didn't have anything to do with me. . .

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14 ANGLE WIDENS as he looks out of the window, tries to get comfortable. Something bothers him. He reaches inside his coat, pulls out a gun, puts it behind him on the desk. When he turns back to the window he freezes, swallows a mouthful of smoke, stares at the windowpane. The sign across the street has just gone on. When it goes off again the glass reflects a stolid, brutish face, the massive features carved by the dim light.

Marlowe turns slowly in his chair.

15 Marlowe's ANGLE. Standing quietly on the other side of the desk is a huge bulk of a man. From this angle he looks seven feet. Slowly, vaguely apologetic, he smiles. Then he speaks, his voice soft and straightforward.

THE BIG MAN
I seen your name on the blackboard downstairs.

16 TWO SHOT. Marlowe just stares at him.

THE BIG MAN
I come up to see you.

Marlowe drops his eyes to his gun on the desk.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)
(smiling again; looking around)
You're a private eye, huh?

He reaches down, pushes the gun aside as if it were an ashtray, sits on the desk.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)
I like you to look for somebody.

MARLOWE
(quietly)
I'm closed up, pal.
(returning the gun to his coat and standing up)
Come around tomorrow and we'll talk about it.

THE BIG MAN
(undeterred, a far-away look in his eye)
I looked for her where she worked, but I been out of touch.

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Okay, pal. Tomorrow.

He snaps on the light, glances impatiently at the 'phone. Then he looks back. The Big Man has taken out a roll of bills and is peeling off a couple.

THE BIG MAN

I like to show you where she worked.

(shoves the bills across the desk)

The 'phone rings. Marlowe hesitates, looks from the 'phone to the money. He starts to answer the 'phone, then reaches for the bills, folds them carefully, puts them in his watch pocket.

MARLOWE

Okay. You show me where she worked.

The Big Man smiles. Marlowe gets his hat and coat, snaps off the light, and we PAN them out, SHOOTING THROUGH the bottle on the water cooler. The 'phone is still ringing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SOUTH - NIGHT

17 SHOT ANGLED UP at old neon sign reading: "SLOAN'S"

We PAN DOWN to where Marlowe is standing beside the Big Man on the sidewalk, looking at the sign. Then he drops his eyes to study his companion.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
The joint looked like trouble.

But that didn't bother me. Nothing bothered me. The two twenties felt nice and snug against my appendix...

I tried to picture him in-love with somebody and it didn't work.

The ANGLE WIDENS as the Big Man speaks sadly, reminiscently, without taking his eyes from the sign.

THE BIG MAN

They changed it a lot. They put a little store where she worked and sold books. Funny Florence was in the playroom. She was cute as Lace parts. A redhead. It's years since I seen her. But she didn't write. But she'll have a reason.

(CONTINUED)

mb

17 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
What did she do -- sing?

The big fellow comes out of his reverie, turns an intent, suspicious stare on Marlowe, grabs his shoulder in his big paw.

THE BIG MAN
You know her?

Marlowe snorts indignantly, laughs.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)
You heard about Velma?

MARLOWE
(shaking his head)
You practically told me.

The Big Man thinks a moment, then drops his hand, satisfied.

THE BIG MAN
Heh...

He turns toward the door, through which we see a narrow stairway going up.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)
Let's you and me go up and nibble a couple.

He starts up. Marlowe pulls his shoulder to be sure it is still intact, follows.

INT. FLORIAN'S - NIGHT

18 CAMERA PANS them up the stairway. The Big Man's shoulders almost brush the walls on both sides, so that a man coming down has difficulty passing past. There are heavy swinging doors at the top, lights beyond.

19 The doors from the opposite side, as The Big Man pushes through. Unconscious of the doors, he lets them come back, slam Marlowe on the shoulders. Marlowe follows him in, looking around as the CAMERA PANS.

The tables around the wall and on the dance floor are all unoccupied. Some one is improvising at a piano. In a moment we see that it is a Negro with his hat on -- a customer playing for his own morbid amusement. The only other activity is at the small bar in the b.g. for which The Big Man is headed.

20 MED. SHOT - the bar. Cozy, neighborhood stuff, uncordial to strangers. The Barman looks up, all conversation stops: he glances uneasily o.s. as the CAMERA PANS. He looks like the boss; probably an ex-fighter settled down.

21 CLOSE SHOT. He looks up, frowns slightly.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE as The Big Man squeezes in at the bar, makes room for Marlowe.

THE BIG MAN

Whiskey.
(prodding Marlowe)
Call yours.

MARLOWE

Whiskey.

The Barman complies without enthusiasm.

THE BIG MAN

You never heard of Velma?

The Barman shuts up, catching a signal from the Boss, who has circled and now puts his arm on The Big Man's shoulder.

BOSS
(professionally soothing)
Look, Joe, I'm sorry about your girl. I know how you feel. But she ain't here. No girls here since I had the place. No show. No noise. I got a reputation for no trouble.

The Big Man doesn't look at him. He just peels the arm off his shoulder, slowly, drops it, tosses off his drink.

23 ANGLE featuring the Boss. His face tightens a bit. The face of a customer over his shoulder is apprehensive, expectant.

THE BIG MAN
(staring moodily at the Barman)
She used to work here.

He turns toward Marlowe, away from the camera.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

You ask him about Velma.

(CONTINUED)

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23 (CONTINUED)

BOSS
(with control; still patient)
We been over all that. Let's drink up, Joe.

24 CLOSE SHOT - The Big Man. He is staring o.s., not listening. The ANGLE WIDENS as he brushes past the Boss, crossing to a girl several stools away. She's fairly pretty, showy. He smiles. The Boss steps in, takes his arm.

THE BIG MAN
(ignoring him)
You remember Velma?

She is a little frightened.

BOSS
I'll have to request you don't bother the customers.

The Big Man turns his head and stares at him for the first time, then turns back to the girl, smiles.

THE BIG MAN
So far you rate me polite, huh? I don't bother you none?

She shakes her head uneasily. Satisfied, The Big Man smiles, thrusts out with the arm the Boss is holding. He does it effortlessly, but the Boss sails back against a table.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE as the Boss recovers his balance. His dignity has been impaired.

26 CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe watches objectively.

27 MED. SHOT. The Boss studies The Big Man's back, considers the situation.

28-30 SEVERAL SHOTS of the customers' faces, wondering what happens now.

31 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. The Boss makes his decision, turns The Big Man around, shoves hard on his shoulder with his left to open him up for a right. The Big Man just raises his left slightly, takes the punch on the forearm, grabs the guy's wrist with his own right, and turns him around. Then he drops a big paw to the middle of the Boss's back and heaves. The Boss takes off.

vf

32 ANOTHER ANGLE. He goes flailing and staggering across the room as the CAMERA PANS, crashing through tables, ends up against the baseboard, stirs, then lies quiet.

33 MED. SHOT as The Big Man turns back to the bar. The girl is gone; others are slipping quietly away in the b.g.

THE BIG MAN
(to no one in perticular)
Some guys has the wrong ideas when to get fancy.

He sees his glass is empty, shoves it at the Barman, who is trying to make himself inconspicuous.

MARLOWE
Come on, pal. Eight years is a lot of gin. They don't know anything about Velma here.

He turns and looks at Marlowe as if he has never seen him before.

THE BIG MAN
Who asked you to stick <u>your</u> face in?

MARLOWE
(a sweet reassuring smile)
You did. Remember me? I'm the guy that came in with you, Chunky.

The Big Man considers that a moment.

THE BIG MAN
(finally)
Moose. The name's Moose. Account of I'm large. Moose Malloy. You heard of me maybe.

MARLOWE
Maybe.

Moose looks around vaguely. The CAMERA PANS. Everybody else is gone, except the man at the piano, playing softly. Against the wall across the room the Boss is getting laboriously to his feet.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE, featuring Moose. His eyes grow soft and sad.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE
They changed it a lot. They used to be a stage where she worked and some booths --

MARLOWE
(anxious to go)
You said that --

MOOSE
(abruptly)
I begin not to like it here.

He scowls at the Barman, who is dallying with the drinks. He reaches over, grabs the bottle from him, thrusts it on Marlowe, takes another for himself, throws a bill on the bar, and starts out, Marlowe at his heels.

WIPE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

35 TRUCKING SHOT. Moose strolls a few yards lost in thought, stops suddenly and stares balefully at Marlowe.

MOOSE
Maybe I told you too much.

Marlowe laughs.

MOOSE (cont'd)
(regarding him cagily, then dissolving into the reminiscent daze again)
We was to be married.

MARLOWE
What happened?

MOOSE
Where you figure I been away them eight years I said about?

MARLOWE
Catching butterflies.

Moose smiles slowly, starts on again, the CAMERA FOLLOWING.

MOOSE
I put away a few grand before I went up --

He stops again abruptly, regards Marlowe sternly.

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE (cont'd)
You been in the caboose ever?

MARLOWE
Just a couple of overnight stops.

Moose stuffs his bottle in his pocket, and shoves a couple more bills at him.

MOOSE
Okay, you find Velma, huh?

MARLOWE
She got a last name?

MOOSE
(nodding)
Velma. Velma Valento.

He starts off; Marlowe stops him.

MARLOWE
How do I get in touch with you?

MOOSE
(after an impressive pause)
I get in touch with you.

And he is gone. Marlowe strolls off in the opposite direction, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. He has gone less than ten paces when Moose suddenly reappears out of the shadows, grabbing his arm.

MOOSE (cont'd)
I wouldn't want no johns --

MARLOWE
Relax. I'm not cozy with the cops. They're competitors.

Satisfied, Moose ducks into the shadows again. The CAMERA TRUCKS Marlowe on up the street until he stops, lights a cigarette, looks around.

36 Marlowe looks around the street, which seems to be deserted. He turns and starts back. The CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD on the Florian sign.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I spent a buck in another bar for some history...Mike Florian ran the joint until 1939. He died in 1940 -- in the middle of a glass of beer. His wife Jessie finished it for him...

DISSOLVE OUT

vf

DISSOLVE IN

37 CLOSE SHOT - telephone book, as Marlowe runs his finger down a page of "F's," closes it as we:

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Tracing her was easy. I could do that...

DISSOLVE

38 CLOSE SHOT - Los Angeles City Directory as Marlowe flips the pages. He finds what he wants, starts writing on an envelope as the CAMERA MOVES IN.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
A real bright third-grader could have done it. But not Malloy. He needed a private detective.

INSERT ITEM FROM DIRECTORY:

"FLORIAN, Mrs. Jessie (widow);
1644 West 54th Place."

The address and the directory DISSOLVE as "FLORIAN, Mrs. Jessie" BLOWS UP and CARRIES OVER TO:

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S PARLOR - NIGHT

39 CLOSE SHOT - of Mrs. Florian with the name superimposed, as she blows her nose. Her face is grey, puffy. The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. She is wearing a shapeless outing flannel robe, sitting in a rocker.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
She was a charming, middle-aged lady with a face like a bucket of mud...

The ANGLE WIDENS to include Marlowe's back as he leans forward, refilling a glass in her hand.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I gave her a drink -- and she was a girl who'd take a drink -- if she had to knock you down to get the bottle...

She giggles.

MRS. FLORIAN
That liquor's been keeping the right company, all right. Just hold it careful, Mister. This ain't no time to drop anything.
(turning the glass in her hand)
What was it we was talking about?

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40 REVERSE ANGLE as Marlowe sits back, the bottle in his lap.

MARLOWE
A redheaded girl named Velma Valento who used to work in your husband's place on Central Avenue.

MRS. FLORIAN
Who was it you said you was, Mister?

He gets up, hands her a card from his wallet.

MRS. FLORIAN (cont'd)
(reading it with her lips)
Oh, a private cop. You didn't say that, Mister.
(waggling a finger at him in coy reproach)
I knew you wasn't no regular cop. No regular cop ever bought a drink of that stuff.

41 TWO SHOT. ANOTHER ANGLE.

MARLOWE
You remember Velma?

MRS. FLORIAN
(as if she hadn't heard)
Mike ain't done nothing new has he? I don't get cops calling on me much now.
(titters)
A joke that was. But I hope he gets enough cheap blondes where he is now. He sure never got enough of them here.

MARLOWE
Velma was a redhead.

MRS. FLORIAN
He could use that, too.

MARLOWE
Do you remember her?

MRS. FLORIAN
Who was that, copper?

MARLOWE
Velma.

Mrs. Florian considers.

MRS. FLORIAN
No... I don't seem to, right off. What was it you said you wanted her for?

MARLOWE
I'm tracing her for a client of mine.

This strikes her funny. She giggles, then frowns.

MRS. FLORIAN
I shouldn't ought to sit here and barber with you. But when I like a guy and he buys me a drink the ceiling's the limit --
(she struggles to her feet)
Hold onto your chair and don't step on no snakes -- I got me an idea.

She sneezes, almost loses the bathrobe, stares at Marlowe coldly.

MRS. FLORIAN (cont'd)
No peekin'.

The CAMERA PANS her as she barrels from the room, hitting her shoulder on a doorjamb.

42 Marlowe gets up and looks around the shabby room, the CAMERA PANNING. A cheap radio is droning away. Suddenly, from the back of the house come a variety of crashing, thudding sounds, and thick muttered language. He slips through the door.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S HALLWAY AND BEDROOM - NIGHT

43 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe from the hallway as he moves cautiously to where he can see into the disorderly bedroom. Swaying in front of an open trunk, Mrs. Florian is making grabs into it, throws back her hair in anger. Finally she comes up with a package tied with tape. Opening it clumsily, she takes out something, returns it to the depths of the trunk, starts retying the package. Marlowe slips back toward the parlor.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S PARLOR - NIGHT

44 MED. SHOT. Marlowe has just resumed his seat when she returns, sways through the door, tosses the package at him inaccurately.

MRS. FLORIAN
Them's all Mike left me -- them and his old clothes.

Marlowe has started opening the package.

45 CLOSE SHOT as he takes a quick look at the contents -- a stack of 8 x 10 show-girl stills.

MRS. FLORIAN'S VOICE
Publicity, that is. But them dolls didn't never get in the paper --

46 MED. CLOSE - Mrs. Florian lowering herself laboriously into her chair again.

MRS. FLORIAN
Least not in connection with the place they didn't --

She simpers, looks around, alarmed. The CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Marlowe is not in sight. She struggles up, stumbles into the hallway, muttering.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

47 MED. SHOT. Marlowe comes up out of the trunk with a photograph just as Mrs. Florian dives toward him. He steps back.

MARLOWE
Why did you hide this one?

She grabs at it; he pulls it out of reach and looks.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH in Marlowe's hand. It's a pretty dime-a-dozen show kid in a typical cheese-cake pose, mostly legs, the face partially obscured by hair that could be red.. across one corner is written: "always, Velma Valento."

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Why did you hide it?

48 ANOTHER ANGLE. Mrs. Florian blubbers, makes another grab, loses her balance, sinks down on the bed.

MRS. FLORIAN
(breathing heavily)
She's dead... She was a nice kid... But she's dead.

MARLOWE
(quietly)
Moose will be sorry to hear that.

MRS. FLORIAN
(smiles wryly)
Yeh, won't he though --

She breaks, gets to her feet unsteadily.

49 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Florian, terror in her face.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Yeh. He's out. He's out and he's looking for his girl. Why did you hide her picture?

Her face is working

50 WIDER ANGLE as she drops back onto the bed, breathing hard.

MRS. FLORIAN
I don't know anyone by the name of Moose, copper -- beat it!

Her eyes dance crazily, her face distorted with fear. She starts mumbling, half-crying, begins to shake and laugh hysterically. She stares at the carpet, emits a meaningless jumble of words. Marlowe frowns at her a moment and starts out.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
You could get fond of her -- if you hung around a couple hundred years. But I decided not to wait...

EXT. MRS. FLORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51 MED. SHOT as he comes out, closes the stained glass door, leaves the porch. Then he pauses, looks back, starts around toward the side. A door slams somewhere in the house. He stops. A light goes on behind the stained glass; something crashes to the floor. He goes back to the porch, the CAMERA PANNING, looks through a clear panel in the door.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

52 MED. SHOT - masked by stained glass panels. Mrs. Florian is careening about, trying to right a stand she has knocked over. She looks around, grabs at the receiver of a wall 'phone. She dials, waits, starts talking to someone, consulting something clutched in her hand. We can't understand the words.

EXT. MRS. FLORIAN'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

53 MED. SHOT as Marlowe gives up, unable to hear what she is saying, and turns from the door.

(CONTINUED)

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53 (CONTINUED)

He pauses on the steps, frowns back.

Then he stuffs the photo in his pocket and starts off.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
As far as I knew, she was just calling her Aunt Matilda about the price of fish... But it could have been important. Wonderful thing, the telephone. You don't need a license. Call anybody. Call your girl for a nickle and get married. Or call the right number, at the right time, and get a guy murdered.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE BLDG. - LOBBY - DAY

54 MED. SHOT - FROM elevator interior. The little operator is sitting on his stool reading a magazine as Marlowe comes across the lobby reading a newspaper and gets in. The operator puts away his magazine, closes the door.

OPERATOR
I let in a guy couple hours ago. He said it was important. Okay?

Marlowe smiles wryly without looking up, nods.

MARLOWE
He's in love and in a big hurry. He'll get over that... Cute little fellow, isn't he?

OPERATOR
(a lascivious grin)
Yeh.

MARLOWE
Sober?

The Operator looks puzzled, opens the door.

OPERATOR
Yeh. He smelled real nice.

Preoccupied with the paper, not listening, Marlowe steps out into the corridor.

INT. MARLOWE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

55 MED. SHOT. Marlowe comes in, looks around. Empty. He heads for the inner office.

INT. MARLOWE'S [illegible]

56 MED. SHOT. As he comes in a tall graceful young man whirls away from the desk toward him with a startled, flustered movement.

MARRIOTT
Mr. Marlowe --

Marlowe was expecting Moose, of course. He looks the guy over, nods slowly.

57 SHOT favoring the young man who steps toward him with a nervous rush of words. His voice is rich, well-modulated, effete.

MARRIOTT
I took the liberty of waiting here, Mr. Marlowe...

He fumbles for a card, which he hands to Marlowe. Marlowe reads it as he crosses.

MARRIOTT (cont'd)
The elevator attendant gave me the impression I could expect you soon. I took the chance, as --

MARLOWE
(interrupting)
Who put in the pitch for me, Mr. Marriott?

MARRIOTT
(startled)
I beg your pardon?

MARLOWE
How did you get my name?

MARRIOTT
Oh. As a matter of fact, I decided to employ a private investigator only today. Being Saturday afternoon, I failed to reach anyone by 'phone, and was somewhat at a loss --

Marlowe studies him critically, pulls the photo of Velma out of his pocket, sits at the desk.

MARRIOTT (cont'd)
The directory listed several in this neighborhood. So I took, as I say, a rather long chance, and --

MARLOWE
(studying the photo)
I'm in a clutch at the moment, Mr. Marriott.

(CONTINUED)

rjh

57 (CONTINUED)

Marriott looks blank. Marlowe puts the photograph away in his middle drawer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
I'm pretty busy. I couldn't take on anything big. What's the job?

Marriott dislikes this bluntness. He hesitates, sits on the opposite side of the desk.

MARRIOTT
I'll require your services for only a few hours this evening --

Marlowe says nothing, stares rudely. Marriott continues, begins nervously and abstractedly rearranging the desk. It could stand it.

MARRIOTT (cont'd)
I'm meeting some men shortly after midnight. I'm paying them some money --

Marlowe takes an inkwell from his hand, replaces it.

MARLOWE
(quietly)
Better get your flaps down, or you'll take off.

58 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. A muscle flickers at the corner of Marriott's mouth.

MARLOWE
What's the deal -- blackmail?

The muscle jumps. It's a moment or two before Marriott gets his features under control. Then he loosens a silk scarf he is wearing.

MARRIOTT
(cool)
I'm not in the habit of giving people grounds for blackmail... I have simply agreed to serve as the bearer of the money.

MARLOWE
How much and what for?

MARRIOTT
Well, really --
(the smile is still fairly pleasant)
I can't go into that.

He starts rearranging the desk again.

(CONTINUED)

58 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
You just want me to go along and hold your hand?

Marriott jerks back his hand as if burnt.

59 ANOTHER ANGLE featuring Marriott as he feels inside his topcoat for an expensive cigarette case. His hand is shaking.

MARRIOTT
(acidly)
I'm afraid I don't like your manner.

MARLOWE
I've had complaints about it, but it keeps getting worse. How much are you offering me for doing nothing?

MARRIOTT
I hadn't really gotten around to thinking about it.

MARLOWE
Do you suppose you could get around to thinking about it now?

Marriott flushes, has trouble with his face again.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE as Marriott stands up, turns his face away from Marlowe, who is studying him cynically. Composed, he whirls -- like a husky ballet dancer doing a turn -- leans across the desk.

MARRIOTT
How would you like a swift punch on the nose?

No change in Marlowe's expression. The CAMERA PANS UP as he stands, his face close to Marriott's, which registers a brief note of panic.

MARLOWE
(a slow condescending smile)
I tremble at the thought of such violence.

He extends Marriott's card. Marriott takes it, turns away. The CAMERA PANS him toward the door, where he stops, turns back abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

rjh

MARRIOTT
(petulant; trembling)
I'm offering you a hundred dollars for a few hours of your time. If that isn't enough, say so. There's no risk. Some jewels were taken from a friend of mine in a holdup. I'm buying them back.

61 ANGLE featuring Marlowe as the two men study each other for a moment.

MARLOWE
Where and when?

Marriott takes a step back into the room, hesitates.

MARRIOTT
The arrangements specify that I drive my car to a rather secluded canyon just above the Beach Colony at Malibu---

Marlowe frowns, interrupts.

MARLOWE
Now, wait a minute. You drive out to some nice, dark petting spot -- hiding me in the back seat -- to buy back some jewelry for a lady friend --

MARRIOTT
(interrupting petulantly)
I didn't say that --

MARLOWE
(ignoring him)
What you get for the lady's money will be a package you won't be allowed to open -- if you get anything at all--

62 MARRIOTT'S ANGLE as Marlowe gets up again, the CAMERA PANNING WITH him as he strolls, getting a drink at the water cooler.

MARLOWE
There's nothing to prevent them from double-crossing you. I certainly couldn't do anything to stop them.

He comes back toward Marriott.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
These jobs are cased the way a dentist cases your mouth for a gold inlay. By now every move is planned. And they aren't figuring on roughing you up if you play ball. But they wouldn't like you being twins. That would complicate the program. One of us might get hurt --

63 He pauses, frowns at Marriott, who fidgets.

MARLOWE
(with finality)
I'm afraid I can't do anything for you, Mr. Marriott.

Marriott flinches, adjucts his scarf carefully, gets up and starts past Marlowe for the door.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(quietly, when Marriott is almost past)
But I'll take your hundred bucks and tag along for the ride.

Marriott turns, tries not to look relieved. Marlowe extends his hand. Marriott hands him a bill from his wallet. Marlowe creases it precisely, puts it in his watch pocket, extends his hand again.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
And I carry the shopping money, too --

64 CLOSE SHOT. All sorts of things happen to Marriott's face. He looks as if he is going to have some sort of a fit. Then, as he gets himself under control, he reaches inside his topcoat, hands Marlowe a heavy manila envelope.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT

65 TRAVELLING SHOT THROUGH windshield as Marriott's car goes under the pedestrian bridge near Thelma Todd's old sidewalk cafe. A big freight truck grinds by in the opposite direction.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
And I do the driving, too --

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - (FOG)

66 SHOOTING THROUGH windshield on Marlowe at the wheel of a big English car. He scowls, turns on the wipers to cut the fog. Marriott is not in sight.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
After all, I'm getting a hundred fish for doing nothing --

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT - (FOG)

67 TRAVELLING SHOT THROUGH windshield as car rounds a curve where the Pacific Palisades crowd the highway close to the sea.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
If anybody gets conked, it ought to be me.

WIPE

EXT. COUNTRY - NIGHT

68 MED. SHOT as the car creeps along a dirt road cut into the side of a hill. There is a pale moon out; the fog is now close to the ground.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

69 MED. CLOSE on Marlowe at the wheel. He turns off the wipers, his eyes constantly on the move.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
(hushed)
We were watched. I didn't see anything. I felt it -- in my stomach...I was a toad on a wet rock. A snake was looking at the back of my neck --

Marriott's head comes up slowly from the back; his face in shadow.

MARRIOTT
(hushed; taut)
There should be some white posts in a minute --

MARLOW
(between his teeth)
Pull in your head.

Marriott obeys quickly.

70 SHOT through windshield - from the rear seat - SHOOTING PAST Marlowe.

MARRIOTT'S VOICE
(from floor of car)
A path there goes down into the hollow where we're to wait --

The car rounds a curve. The headlights fall across some white posts on the edge of an embankment. Marlowe inches the car toward them.

MARLOWE
(voicelessly)
Check. White posts.

He stops the car. There is an overgrown path going down into the hollow between two of the posts. He turns off the lights, cuts the motor, listens. Nothing.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Sit tight. I'll go down and have a look see.

Silence from Marriott.

EXT. COUNTRY - NIGHT

71 MED. SHOT as Marlowe gets out, looks around, CAMERA PANNING WITH him. The car is encircled by dark brush. The hollow below is a dark bowl, half-full of fog.

72 ANOTHER ANGLE as he looks back at the car, avoids the overgrown road, starts down into the hollow.

73 MED. FULL SHOT - a clearing in the brush at the bottom. Foggy, silent. CAMERA PANS AROUND; a cricket pipes up. Then a couple more. CAMERA MOVES IN ON a clump of scrub oaks and we make out Marlowe standing there -- motionless, listening.

74 CLOSEUP - Marlowe, trying to see into the foggy darkness. The crickets grow bolder, louder. ANGLE WIDENS. He steps back and disappears into the brush.

75 MED. SHOT. The brush stirs. Marlowe steps out cautiously, looks off.

76 MED. SHOT. The car is just as he left it -- outlined by the watery moon, headed into the white posts. He starts for it.

77 MED. SHOT. He hooks one heel on the running board by the driver's seat, an elbow on the sill.

78 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe in profile, his eyes roving the darkness.

MARLOWE
(just loud enough for Marriott to hear)
Looks like a tryout -- just to see if you obey orders.

No answer. A vague sound from the back seat, as if Marriott were shifting around. ANGLE WIDENS SLIGHTLY, including the side of the car, as Marlowe consults his watch, looks off.

79 HIS ANGLE as the CAMERA PANS ACROSS the dark circle of brush.

80 PREVIOUS ANGLE. Suddenly his face tenses. He starts to turn. We catch a swift, shadowy flash of movement, an arm striking out, and hear a swish.

81 HIS ANGLE. The hills jump up, careen. The moon seems to explode.

82 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANGLED DOWN ON the running board and his feet.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I caught the blackjack right behind my ear. I didn't see it. I didn't have to. The streak of pain shot down my spine--clear to my ankles...

Darkness creeps up over his feet toward his knees as he begins to crumple.

A big black pool opened up at my feet. I dived in. It had no bottom...

The screen is completely black.

I felt pretty good. Like an amputated leg...

83 Out of the blackness emerges a pin-point of light. We seem to fall toward it. It gets bigger and bigger, resolving finally into:

84 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, his eyes closed. He stirs, shifts, grimaces. CAMERA PULLS BACK a bit. He is lying on his back on the ground. He rolls over, cracks his chin, winces, tries to prop himself up. Suddenly a sharp circle of light from a flashlight hits his head and the ground around. No reaction for a moment. Then he studies it, holds his breath.

WOMAN'S VOICE (ANN GRAYLE'S)
(intense; far-away)
Are you all right? What happened?

He starts to roll over.

85 HIS ANGLE - looking up into flashlight.

WOMAN'S VOICE (ANN GRAYLE'S)
Oh -- !

The light snaps off. We hear the woman hurrying away.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE as Marlowe struggles to his feet, tries to follow. In the b.g. we get a quick glimpse of a figure disappearing into the brush. He stumbles several feet, gives up.

87 MED. CLOSE SHOT. He feels inside his coat, finds his gun, and is a little surprised. Then he pats the pocket where he put the big envelope of money. Gone. He scowls, looks o.s., blinks painfully.

88 HIS ANGLE. The car is about ten yards away, just as he left it.

89 CAMERA TRUCKS WITH him as he approaches cautiously, opens the rear door, automatically turning on the light inside.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

90 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. The rear of the car is absolutely empty. Then the ANGLE SHIFTS as he looks over into the front seat, FREEZES.

91 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe. His lip curls with distaste. He backs out.

92 SHOT from rear seat as Marlowe comes around, opening front door and looking in.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE'S VOICE
He was doubled up on his face. In that bag-of-old clothes position that always means the same thing.

Marlowe half-sits in the front seat. The body itself is not in the shot, but as Marlowe comes up with keys and such it is apparent he is going through someone's pockets.

He had been killed by an amateur. Or by somebody who wanted it to look like an amateur job...Nobody else would hit a man that many times with a sap...

He comes up with a driver's license, holds it to the light to read it as the CAMERA MOVES IN.

INSERT LICENSE in Marlowe's hand. It reads: "LINDSAY MARRIOTT"

LAP DISSOLVE

INT. ROOM IN HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

INSERT LICENSE in Lieutenant Randall's hand.

93 CLOSE SHOT - Randall frowning at the license. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he tosses it on a table with the rest of Marriott's effects. (NOTE: This is not the same room in which Marlowe was being questioned in opening sequence.)

RANDALL
(acidly)
The oftener you go over it, the sillier it sounds.

94 WIDER ANGLE. Marlowe is in the b.g. at a wash basin slopping water on his head. Multy is sitting nearby staring at him dyspeptically, chewing tobacco.

RANDALL
You don't know anything about Marriott, you don't know how much money you were carrying, you don't know what it was supposed to buy...Trusting soul, wasn't he? Letting you carry the pay-off --

Marlowe straightens up from the wash basin, comes in, holding a wet towel on the back of his neck.

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
( a weary shrug)
Sorry. I don't have it now. Right after I beat Marriott's brains out and just before I hit myself on the back of the head, I hid the money under a bush --

Without taking his eyes from him, Multy shifts his cud of tobacco, spits accurately into a wastebasket.

RANDALL
(to no one in particular; thoughtful)
Supposing a jewel outfit got the bright idea of using a private detective as a utility man -- for contacts and pay-offs ...Supposing they ran out of uses for him. Then they'd try to hang a murder around his neck, wouldn't they?

MARLOWE
(viciously, turning on him)
Oh, great! Now I'm a finger for a heist mob! Also I'm Jack the Ripper!

95 ANOTHER ANGLE as he leans across the table toward Randall.

MARLOWE
Look. I try to be helpful. I get up off the nice cold ground and walk five miles to a 'phone right after having my head treated. I lead you to the body instead of letting you find it next Christmas. I tell you all I know -- four times.
(shouting now)
It sounds screwy. Okay, it is screwy -- sometimes I'm not smart -- but it's all I know! Now I'm tired of looking at you and listening to your bum guesses. Either book me or let me go home to bed --

A slight pause.

96 REVERSE ANGLE as Randall gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

96 (CONTINUED)

RANDALL
(between clenched teeth)
As long as you're going to get personal, I don't like looking at you, either. I don't like sitting here. I'd rather be home in bed, too. I'd rather be digging eggshells out of garbage cans than trying to pry information out of you --

97 TWO SHOT. Marlowe meets his eyes steadily.

MARLOWE
I get it. You don't like me.

RANDALL
(picking up speed and force as he goes)
I never have. And I never will. You're not a detective -- you're a slot-machine -- you'd slit your own throat for six-bits plus tax --

Marlowe opens his mouth, but that's as far as he gets.

RANDALL (cont'd)
-- All I want from you is silence. One false move and you'll be locked up as a material witness --

MARLOWE
(enlightened)
Oh, it's that kind of a case -- with the witnesses gagged and the papers crying for news --

RANDALL
They'll get the murder and I'll get the guy who did it.

MARLOWE
You'll get him, all right -- about the time you get your third set of teeth.

They stare at each other like a couple of loud-mouthed schoolboys who have run out of insults.

RANDALL
(finally; with control)
Okay. Go on home to bed ---

Marlowe grins, reaches for his coat.

rt

98 ANOTHER ANGLE as Randall circles him, watching his expression carefully as he talks.

RANDALL
And stick to your story if you want to. Play dumb. Play it anyway.
(with menace)
But stay out of my way. Stay clear of Marriott's pals. I've been after these boys for a long time. I'm getting close. I'm going to get them.

Marlowe is holding his breath, guarding his expression.

RANDALL (cont'd)
(carefully)
So watch your step, or I may have to pick you up in the same basket with Jules Amthor.

Marlowe reacts sharply, but the reaction could mean that he is surprised to hear the name -- or that he has never heard it before. He turns away for a moment while he gets into his coat, hiding his expression from Randall.

99 MED. SHOT. He is composed and cagey when he turns back.

MARLOWE
Yeh? Is Amthor mixed up in this?

Randall thinks he has him.

RANDALL
You know him then?

MARLOWE
I know lots of people in this town -- but I never heard of Jules Amthor.
(grins)
Bad guess.

He goes out.

DISSOLVE

INT. ELEVATOR - MARLOWE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

100 MED. SHOT as the Operator opens the door and Marlowe steps in. He looks tired and preoccupied. The Operator glances at him anxiously as he closes the door.

OPERATOR
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

rt

100 (CONTINUED)

Marlowe finds an old envelope in his pocket, lifts a pencil from the Operator's handkerchief pocket.

MARLOWE
(writing)
I was sapped last night -- it always makes me a little dark under the eyes the next day.

INSERT ENVELOPE, as Marlowe finishes writing "JULES AMTHOR" and adds two question marks.

BACK TO SCENE as he returns the pencil. The Operator opens the door, nods off.

OPERATOR
Business is getting better -- and prettier, hul?

Marlowe pauses, looks off, preoccupied and puzzled. The Operator nods off again, clucks lewdly.

INT. MARLOWE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

101 MED. SHOT. As he steps in, the girl comes up from behind a tattered magazine.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
Mr. Marlowe? I'm Miss Allison. The Post --

He studies her rudely. She's pretty, but no doll. She looks smart. Glasses.

MARLOWE
Yeah -- ?

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
The police haven't been very helpful on the Marriott business. I was wondering --

His eyes narrow as he interrupts.

MARLOWE
How'd you know about me?

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
(a nice smile)
I have friends at the City Hall, naturally. That's my business.

MARLOWE
(shakes his head)
I'd just get you in trouble.

rt

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

He starts for the inner office. She hurries to make a final plea as he opens the door.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
They'll never know where it came from. But if I know something, I'm in a much better bargaining position down there. Did Marriott tell you who owned the jade he was buying back?

He stops suddenly, his back to the camera, turns slowly, looks at her, holds the door.

MARLOWE
Come in, Miss Allison.

INT. MARLOWE'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

102 MED. SHOT. He holds the door for her to come through, waves her to a chair near the desk. While she crosses he talks and locks the door at the same time.

MARLOWE
No. I wasn't told who owned the jade, Miss Allison. It didn't seem to be any of my business.

He pockets the key, strolls toward her.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE. She is getting settled, preparatory to taking notes.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
Had you known Marriott some time?

MARLOWE
A couple of weeks. Why?

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
I just wondered if you had any theories. I mean about what happened -- or was supposed to happen?

MARLOWE
One or two --

He reaches down casually, takes the hand with which she was starting to write. She is startled but uncertain about pulling away.

104 CLOSE SHOT - her hand in his. It is well cared for, the nails long.

- (CONTINUED)

rt

104 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE'S VOICE
You do your own typing, Miss Allison?

The ANGLE WIDENS. He hangs on.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)
(uncertainly)
Why, yes --

He smiles pleasantly, reaches across with his other hand for her handbag. She tries to stop him, pulls back, wincing in pain.

105 CLOSE SHOT. He has the old finger-hold on her pinkie.

106 TWO SHOT. She holds herself in rigid anger, biting her lip, while he holds her purse upside down over the desk. An assortment of feminine paraphernalia clatters out.

MARLOWE
I'm not always this brilliant, Miss --

He finds a bank book in the mess, opens it.

INSERT BANK BOOK, reading: "PACIFIC BANK, in account with Ann Grayle."

MARLOWE'S VOICE
-- Miss Grayle. But I'm improving.

BACK TO SCENE as he releases her, starts around the desk, the CAMERA SWINGING WITH him.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
What do you do -- besides playing reporter?

She whips off her glasses in murderous silence, starts repacking her bag. He shrugs, sits at the desk, unlocks the drawer of his desk to put away the envelope on which he wrote Jules Amthor's name.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
You're a hot rock, anyway, dear. I should toss you to the cops.

107 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Putting the envelope away, he sees the picture of Velma in the drawer, brings it out.

108 ANGLE PAST Marlowe. He holds the photo up, comparing it with Miss Grayle as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

rt

108 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
All I could tell them last night was that Marriott was buying back some jewelry. You'd knock their hats off with that line about the jade --

Without breaking his rhythm, he extends the photo toward her.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Have you ever known a Velma Valento, Miss Grayle? A singer?

Despite herself, she takes a quick angry glance at it, jams the last item into her handbag, gets up and starts for the door.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe shrugs, reaches for the 'phone.

MARLOWE
It's another case, anyway. I was just hoping.

She finds the door locked, of course, and turns angrily. He pauses, takes his hand away from the 'phone.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Did your friends at the City Hall tell you about the jade, too?

Angry silence.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Who does it belong to?

Still silence. He shrugs again, reaches for the 'phone again. That changes her mind. She takes a step in.

ANN
What's your interest in it?

He shakes his head like a schoolteacher getting the wrong answer, drops the 'phone, goes to her.

MARLOWE
(reasonably)
We won't get any place at all if we start answering questions with more questions.

She relaxes a little.

ANN
I'll take my answer first.

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Okay. I'm interested in the jade -- now that I know about it -- because I'd like to know who besides me might have killed Marriott... He paid me a hundred bucks to take care of him, and I didn't. I'm just a small business man in a very messy business, but I like to follow through on a sale.

She looks at him suspiciously, unsatisfied, as if she felt cheated, looks away.

ANN
The jade belongs to my father.

MARLOWE
Oh -- ?

ANN
Now unlock the door.

MARLOWE
I gathered from Marriott that it belonged to a lady --

She turns back toward the door.

ANN
My father happens to be married.

110 TWO SHOT as he follows her.

MARLOWE
Oh. Yes...
(studying her)
Of course, he would be. Your mother, then, was wearing it out the night of the hold-up?

A peculiar look crosses her face, she hesitates, then:

ANN
(biting)
She's not my mother.

Marlowe opens his mouth, closes it again.

MARLOWE
Which one sent you here to feel me out?

She is standing miserably by the door like a pussy cat waiting to be let in out of the rain; her face is bitter.

ANN
It was my own brilliant idea.

Marlowe looks at her thoughtfully, crosses in the b.g. for his hat and coat, comes back.

111 TWO SHOT. His face is close to hers as he puts the key in the lock, pauses.

MARLOWE
(quietly)
Before I see the police I think I'll have a talk with your father -- and your father's wife.

Her eyes flash. She starts to say something, changes her mind, studies his face.

ANN
Open the door.

He opens the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAYLE ESTATE - DAY

112 MED. CLOSE SHOT on heavy wrought-iron gates opening. The ANGLE WIDENS as a caretaker steps back for a convertible to drive through.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

113 SHOT of Ann at the wheel as Marlowe studies her grim expression, glances out of the window.

EXT. GRAYLE ESTATE - DAY

114 PANORAMIC SHOT of the vast, park-like expanse.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
That was a nice little front yard. Cozy. Okay for the average family. Only you'd need a compass to go to the mailbox.

EXT. GRAYLE HOUSE - DAY

115 MED. LONG SHOT - a huge, rambling stone structure. The car comes up the winding drive, disappears under an archway at the side.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
The house was all right, too. But it wasn't as big as Buckingham Palace....

WIFE

INT. GRAYLE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

116 LONG SHOT. Balcony and a small figure seated at the far end of the long, richly appointed corridor.

WIFE'S VOICE
I had to wait while she sold me to the old folks. It was like waiting to buy a crypt in a mausoleum....

(CONTINUED)

rt

Ann comes out of a door at one side in the f.g., beckons to him. He starts treking down, his footsteps echoing.

She nods for him to precede her.

INT. GRAYLE HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

117 MED. SHOT as Ann crosses with Marlowe, the CAMERA PANNING, to present him to a thin, scholarly man of perhaps sixty-five.

ANN
Mr. Marlowe, father --

Mr. Grayle extends his hand.

MR. GRAYLE
(an almost imperceptible voice)
How do you do... Good of you to come.

The old man extends his hand, nods o.s.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Mrs. Grayle --

Marlowe looks, does a slight take.

118 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. Mrs. Grayle is curled up comfortably in a big chair. She's blonde. Thirty, maybe more, maybe less. No man would ask too many questions. She's beautiful. The rich, lazy beauty of a magnificent, well-cared-for animal -- with nothing much else on her mind than staying beautiful. She nods without moving, her eyes intimate.

MR. GRAYLE'S VOICE
Are you familiar with jade, Mr. Marlowe?

119 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe is still looking at her. He comes to, stares vaguely at Mr. Grayle.

MARLOWE
Hmmmmh?

MR. GRAYLE
What do you know about jade --

Marlowe absently accepts a drink from the butler; his eyes stray back to Mrs. Grayle.

MARLOWE
It's green, isn't it?

119 (CONTINUED)

Mr. Grayle smiles vaguely, without offense, refuses a drink from the butler, who refills Mrs. Grayle's glass.

MR. GRAYLE
Jade, Mr. Marlowe, is not widely or sufficiently appreciated in this country --

He indicates a chair for Marlowe, who sits, his eyes returning to Mrs. Grayle.

120 Marlowe's ANGLE. Mrs. Grayle meets his eyes with a faint, enigmatic smile.

MR. GRAYLE'S VOICE
The great rulers of the East, however, have treated it with a reverence accorded no other stone. They have spent years searching for a single piece, lavished unlimited patience on its carving --

121 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe glances at Ann. She is staring moodily into her drink, never once acknowledging her stepmother's presence in the room.

MR. GRAYLE
Feitsui jade in particular -- in which I as a collector have specialized -- is extremely valuable. So valuable that even people with no appreciation of its beauty are sometimes interested in it. An unfortunate fact, but it accounts for our little meeting --
(a wan smile)
Like all old men with a hobby, I'm afraid I'm inclined to be a bore.

MARLOWE
Keep going --

MR. GRAYLE
But since Ann has brought you into this affair, injudiciously perhaps, I --

MARLOWE
I was already in -- up to my eyebrows --

rt

122 ANOTHER ANGLE as Marlowe looks at Mrs. Grayle.

MARLOWE
I take it the whatchamacallit you lost was this stuff -- Feitsuey?

She nods, lets her husband go on.

MR. GRAYLE
A necklace, Mr. Marlowe. Sixty beads of about six carats each.

MARLOWE
Worth how much?

MR. GRAYLE
That's difficult to say, depending upon who is in possession of it --

MARLOWE
In my possession, say --

MR. GRAYLE
The Chinese Government has a somewhat larger necklace that once brought 125,000 dollars.

Marlowe is impressed. He looks up again at Mrs. Grayle. She smiles, stirs herself languorously.

MRS. GRAYLE
You're about to ask, Mr. Marlowe, why I would be so reckless as to go out in the evening wearing an irreplaceable necklace of such great value.

Her voice is rich, warm; the sort of voice that is seductive even when saying, "Please pass the butter."

MARLOWE
(throaty)
Something like that.

MRS. GRAYLE
(a shrug)
It's unanswerable. I shouldn't have. I should never have worn it out.

MARLOWE
Where was the stick-up?

Mr. Grayle stands up, interrupting.

MR. GRAYLE
Would you excuse me? I'm rather tired. Mrs. Grayle can tell you anything else you'd like to know.

1b

(CONTINUED)

122 (CONTINUED)

Marlowe gets to his feet. Mr. Grayle gives his wife a weak, affectionate smile. She returns it, nodding, and he starts out, the CAMERA PANNING. He stops, turns back to Marlowe.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
We are naturally anxious to locate the necklace, Mr. Marlowe...I only hope it can be managed without publicity.

MARLOWE
Yeh. So do I.

He exits. Marlowe watches him out, thoughtful, turns back.

123 MED. SHOT. Ann gets up without looking at Marlowe and follows her father. Mrs. Grayle rises, strolls toward a sofa.

MRS. GRAYLE
(an intimate smile)
Let's dispense with the polite drinking, shall we?

She tosses off her drink, gestures for Marlowe to push the table with the drinks within reach. He does and the CAMERA MOVES IN. She starts refilling the glasses.

MRS. GRAYLE
I hadn't supposed there were enough murders these days to make detecting very attractive to a young man.

He meets her eyes evenly.

MARLOWE
I stir up trouble on the side. How much of your money was in Marriott's envelope?

MRS. GRAYLE
Eight thousand.

She is making it very clear, without actually saying so, that she wants him to sit beside her on the sofa. He does.

MARLOWE
Cheap at the price.

(CONTINUED)

123 (CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE
Dirt cheap. We guessed they didn't know its real value.

She puts her head back, displaying her neckline to good advantage. The tone of the scene begins to get gradually more and more seductive -- in contrast to the content of the speeches.

MARLOWE
Who could have known you were going to wear it this particular night?

MRS. GRAYLE
My maid, perhaps. But she's had a hundred chances. And I trust her.

MARLOWE
Why?

She turns her head slowly, bringing their faces closer together.

MRS. GRAYLE
I don't know. I trust some people. I trust you.

MARLOWE
Did you trust Marriott?

She drops her eyes to his mouth.

MRS. GRAYLE
Not in some things. In others, yes. There are degrees --

She veers away from intimacy by noticing that he has scarcely touched his drink.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I thought detectives were heavy drinkers.

MARLOWE
Some of them are. Some of them just encourage other people to drink.

124 ANOTHER SHOT. She smiles, leans across to freshen up his drink anyway.

MRS. GRAYLE
Shall I tell you about the holdup?

MARLOWE
It might help.

(CONTINUED)

124 (CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE
I had been out dancing with Marriott. He was bringing me home.

MARLOWE
Where were you stopped?

MRS. GRAYLE
Near here. Does it matter a lot?

MARLOWE
Not too much at the moment. How many other Marriotts are there? Pretty guys who take you out dancing?

She reacts sharply. He has over-played his hand.

MRS. GRAYLE
(a rebuke)
I'm very fond of my husband --

MARLOWE
Only his two-step's getting a little stiff --

125 ANOTHER ANGLE. Having stated her position by rebuking him, she relaxes again.

MARLOWE
(casually)
Do you know Jules Amthor?

MRS. GRAYLE
(no hesitation)
I've heard Lin speak of him. Why?

MARLOWE
I don't know. But the cops told me to leave him alone. That makes me want to look him up. Is he a bad boy?

She shrugs tolerantly.

MRS. GRAYLE
A lot of Lin's friends were, I'm afraid. Lin was rather a heel himself... Most of one's friends are, I find -- including mine... But he was a nice heel.

She pauses, bites her lip. Something unpleasant has crossed her mind.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
The papers didn't say much, except that he wasn't shot... How was he -- ?

She can't say it.

MARLOWE
With a sap, only good. If an elephant had stepped on his head. Same effect --

She seems genuinely affected by the image, covers her face with her hands for a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE
It's awful...

126 TWO SHOT. She speaks emotionally, her face still covered.

MRS. GRAYLE
I feel so responsible now. But it seemed quite simple to buy it back... I don't understand.... I've tried to put it all together -- with the holdup -- but I can't --

She lowers her hands to look at him.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
There was something funny about the holdup. They gave me back one of my rings. A rather good one, too --

She leans toward him, drops one hand behind him on the back of the sofa -- the one with the ring into Marlowe's.

127 ANOTHER ANGLE. She lets it linger there; Marlowe studies it thoughtfully.

MARLOWE
What's Amthor's racket?

MRS. GRAYLE
(easy, relaxed)
I'm not sure. He's some sort of psychic consultant.

She puts her head back again, her eyes moving over Marlowe's face as she talks.

(CONTINUED)

127(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
A quack, probably. Lin fancied himself a sculptor, but he was mixed up about it. . .

Marlowe is turning the ring slowly on her finger.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
He couldn't get started for fear of failure. I think that's why he went to him originally.

Marlowe is studying her lips critically. An embrace seems to be imminent.

MARLOWE
(quietly)
I wonder. . . if he would take my case---

A door opens o.s. Marlowe glances up past Mrs. Grayle. She doesn't move.

128 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe and Mrs. Grayle to the door. Ann has stepped in, stopped dead. She takes in the situation, smiles contemptuously at Marlowe and starts backing out.

129 REVERSE. Mrs. Grayle hasn't turned. She studies Marlowe's reaction. The door closes o.s.

MRS. GRAYLE
(lazily)
Who was that?

MARLOWE
Ann.

MRS. GRAYLE
(a vague smile)
Strange child. . .

Marlowe has no objection to taking up where they left off, but the spell is broken. Mrs. Grayle withdraws her hand and gets up. There are cigarettes with the drinks, but she makes a trip to a tray on another table.

130 ANOTHER ANGLE. As she turns back, lighting the cigarette.

MRS. GRAYLE
You will help me, won't you?

MARLOWE
Is this for love, or are you paying me something in money?

130 (CONTINUED)

She laughs softly, comes back to him.

MRS. GRAYLE
I've never hired a detective before. What are the rates?

MARLOWE
As much as the traffic will bear.

She smiles.

MRS. GRAYLE
When can you start?

MARLOWE
I've already started. How do I find Amthor?

MRS. GRAYLE
I'll have to see if I can smoke him out for you---

A door opens o.s. as she is about to sit beside him again. She looks off.

131 ANGLE TOWARD THE DOOR. The Butler has entered and paused uncertainly.

MRS. GRAYLE
Yes?

BUTLER
Mr. Amthor is here.

132 TWO SHOT. Marlowe looks at her sharply. For a brief second she almost loses her composure, but doesn't. She nods for the Butler to show him in.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE. As the Butler goes out, Marlowe gets to his feet, looks at her with cynical insinuation. She meets his eyes frankly, calmly. His expression and the situation strike her funny. She laughs softly.

MRS. GRAYLE
Don't look so judicial. It's all right. He is inaccessible. I didn't have the faintest idea he was coming here. I haven't seen him in months.

She starts for the door, comes back.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
(quickly: low)
How do you spend your evenings?

133 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Recently I've been playing button-button with the cops.

MRS. GRAYLE
Where do you go then?

MARLOWE
I'm in the book.

She smiles, pats his arm.

MRS. GRAYLE
Let's see what's on his mind.

She starts for the door, as the Butler shows Amthor through in the b.g.

134 ANOTHER ANGLE. She is cool, charming as she crosses to meet him. Amthor looks toward Marlowe, pleasantly flustered.

AMTHOR
Oh... I'm sorry --

She shakes her head, a perfect hostess putting him at his ease, leads him toward Marlowe.

MRS. GRAYLE
This is Mr. Marlowe, Mr. Amthor --

He almost bows. Marlowe barely nods.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Mr. Marlowe is a private detective. He was with Lin --

135 ANGLE featuring Amthor. His manners and his tailoring are perfect. There is something finely-wrought about him. He could be a bank president, a doctor, or an attache. The grey hair is in character.

AMTHOR
(respectful interest)
Oh -- ?

MARLOWE
(bluntly)
I was hired as a body guard. I bungled the job. I'm investigating myself.

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED) ...

Amthor disregards the humor, turns solicitously to Mrs. Grayle.

AMTHOR
You must forgive me for not coming sooner. It was such a shock.

He turns back to Marlowe.

AMTHOR (cont'd)
These things are always so difficult to believe... A close friend... Someone you know so well... What could have happened?

MARLOWE
I've got a couple of notions. When would you like to help me work them out?

Amthor demurs pleasantly, like a foreigner baffled by crude American humor.

AMTHOR
I'm afraid I wouldn't make a very good detective, Mr. Marlowe. And I --

MARLOWE
I know, you're inaccessible.

136 ANOTHER ANGLE. Mrs. Grayle's expression is slightly uncomfortable, apprehensive.

AMTHOR
(still pleasant)
In what way do you think I could help you?

Marlowe takes a step toward him, pauses impressively.

MARLOWE
(clipped)
I spent last night with the police. It was their idea. They took it for granted that if I had known Marriott, I knew you, too.

Amthor looks helplessly at Mrs. Grayle. This is an amusing mystery, incredible.

137 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe

MARLOWE
They told me not to get too close to you. They said you bite. You look harmless to me.

138 CLOSE SHOT - Amthor. His expression sobers a bit. Something happens behind his eyes. Then he smiles again.

AMTHOR
I shall be happy to arrange an interview. If you will --

The ANGLE WIDENS as Marlowe interrupts.

MARLOWE
Just leave the number with Mrs. Grayle --

He is on his way out, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
-- and don't go to any special trouble. I'll bring my own crystal ball --

He bangs through the door.

INT. GRAYLE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

139 MED. SHOT as he comes out. Ann is scurrying away from the door. He catches a quick glimpse of her disappearing around a corner.

MARLOWE
Hey!

His voice echoes. He hurries after her.

140 MED. SHOT - another part of the corridor. When he rounds the corner, Ann seems to have vanished into thin air. He looks around, baffled. There are at least four doors through which she might have gone. He scowls, turns to retrace his steps, stops dead, face to face with the Butler.

MARLOWE
How do I get out of this fun house, Colonel?

The Butler nods discreetly, turns to lead the way.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MARLOWE'S APT. - NIGHT

141 MED. SHOT - as Marlowe comes out of the bathroom with water in his eyes, groping for a towel. He has on his pants and a GI undershirt. He finds a towel, THE CAMERA PANS him toward a mirror.

His apartment indicates his preoccupation with his work and a disdain for housekeeping. It isn't filthy -- just in that gradually accumulated state of disorder characteristic of writers, college boys, and geniuses.

There is a knock at the door as he starts to comb his hair. He starts for it.

142 ANOTHER ANGLE - as he opens the door to admit a boy of about twelve. Preoccupied, Marlowe thumbs the kid toward a big bundle of laundry tied in a sheet on the pull-down bed. The kid goes to get it as Marlowe goes back to the mirror. The kid starts out with it. It's pretty heavy for him.

KID
This is six weeks since you sent your laundry out -- you must be in love.

Marlowe is thinking about something else.

143 ANGLE TOWARD DOOR. The kid struggles through with the bundle and is about to close the door after him when Mrs. Grayle steps into the door and past him. He gives her an appreciative look. She's dressed for Ciro's or Mocambo. And she's pretty beautiful. Inside the door, she stops, looks toward Marlowe.

143A ANOTHER ANGLE. He doesn't see her. She stands there a moment watching him.

MRS. GRAYLE
(quietly)
You know, you've got a very nice build for a private detective.

He looks up at her in the mirror without surprise, without turning, but impressed by the way she looks.

MARLOWE
It gets me around.

She closes the door behind her, comes on in.

ny

145B ANOTHER ANGLE. There doesn't seem to be any other place, so she sits on the bed.

MRS. GRAYLE
How does one get to be a private detective? You don't mind my sizing you up a little?

MARLOWE
Most of us are ex-cops. I used to work for the D. A. I got fired.

MRS. GRAYLE
Not for incompetence, surely?

He leaves the mirror, begins reloading his pockets with change, etc.

MARLOWE
For talking back.

She starts to ask another question, but he interrupts.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Had an interesting childhood too. But you didn't drop in on me to get a biography--

She pouts slightly.

MRS. GRAYLE
I thought you might like to know what Amthor said.

MARLOWE
Yeh?

She goes into her purse.

MRS. GRAYLE
And I wanted to make it official.

She hands him an envelope.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Shall we call this a retainer?

He looks inside.

MARLOWE
(evidently satisfied)
Yeh. Let's call that a retainer.

He goes to the dresser for his wallet.

143C ANOTHER ANGLE.

MARLOWE
If the cops get to you, you sent for me. I didn't want to have anything to do with the case, but you talked me into it. You hired me.

Her expression has sobered. She crosses to him.

MRS. GRAYLE
Do they have to know about me?

MARLOWE
Would that bother you?

MRS. GRAYLE
(an indifferent shrug)
We live pretty much by ourselves out there. My husband has a morbid fear of any kind of publicity. And he's not strong---

MARLOWE
I'll manage it. How'd it go with Amthor?

143D TWO SHOT. She frowns. And then she smiles provocatively.

MRS. GRAYLE
I'm very stubborn. I don't like being rushed.

MARLOWE
I figured the way you were dressed you were on the town tonight and just stopping off here ---

MRS. GRAYLE
Oh? I was hoping you would like to buy me a drink somewhere. . . . Or don't you ever relax when you're on a case?

MARLOWE
Not in public. It's too crowded ---

She smiles, thinks a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE
Do you like the Cocoanut Beach Club?

143D (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
I don't know. I've never been there. I'm the Drive-in type.

MRS. GRAYLE
The light should be very flattering to you. It might even mellow you a little. . .

143E TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. They are very close. An embrace is hanging in the balance. He has just about made up his mind to kiss her when she speaks.

MRS. GRAYLE
It's the sort of place where you have to wear a shirt.

They study each other for a moment more. The embrace is still possible. Then Marlowe steps back, takes a shirt from a chair, starts getting into it.

MARLOWE
Be right with you.

DISSOLVE

INT. COCOANUT BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

144 MED. CLOSE SHOT. The screen is dark for a moment. Then when a spotlight is turned on, we are SHOOTING INTO it. There is a ripple of introductory music -- moody, Hawaiian style -- and applause. The CAMERA PANS ALONG the smoke laden beam of light to the graceful hands of a dancer held over her head. The ANGLE WIDENS as she begins a sensuous island dance. Then the CAMERA PANS ON to Marlowe and Mrs. Grayle at the edge of the dance floor. A head-waiter in a white suit comes up, nods to Mrs. Grayle in recognition, starts to lead the way. She holds back, stops Marlowe with a hand on his arm.

MRS. GRAYLE
(nodding for him to go with the waiter)
I'll put some powder on my nose. . .

MARLOWE
You've got powder on it---

She smiles warmly, slips away toward the Powder Room in the b.g. and he goes on with the headwaiter.

144A ANOTHER ANGLE. The waiter leads the way, with dignity, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. We see the orchestra and the rest of the club -- with an atmosphere something like the Hollywood Beachcomber. They go on, skirting the edge of the dance floor and the CAMERA HOLDS ON the dancer as she continues.

145 MED. SHOT as the head-waiter ushers Marlowe into a dark booth opposite the bar. He is all the way in and has got out a cigarette when he looks across, freezes with the match in mid-air. The ANGLE WIDENS. Ann is sitting opposite. She leans into the light of a small lamp.

ANN
(intensely)
Mr. Marlowe --

MARLOWE
Look. I like you. But I'm too old to play games --

She isn't able to interrupt.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
If you're jealous of your step-mother, okay. We can talk about it tomorrow at the office. But she'll be here in a minute and I wouldn't want you two tangling in public ---

Ann shakes her head, smiles cynically.

ANN
There's no danger. You're being side-tracked.

Marlowe reacts, starts to get up.

ANN (cont'd)
Helen's gone by now -

MARLOWE
(interrupting; confused)
Helen? Oh, yes. I didn't catch her name-

ANN
And I'm staying just long enough to speak my piece.

150 ANGLE ACROSS Ann. She starts digging in her purse. Searching his memory, he closes his eyes, concentrates. When he opens them, he focuses slowly, incredulously, on something beyond her.

151 Marlowe's ANGLE, OVER Ann's shoulder toward the bar. Moose Malloy is sitting there regarding Marlowe solemnly, a drink looking very tiny in his hand. He looks cleaner, his clothes pressed.

ANN
Would it be worth a thousand dollars?

Marlowe isn't listening. Moose looks away, nods, strolls off.

152 MED. SHOT. Marlowe is getting up.

ANN
Well?

MARLOWE
Right back, stick around.

He goes off after Moose.

EXT. SUMMER TWILIGHT - COCOANUT BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

153 MED. SHOT. Moose is staring out to sea. Marlowe comes out from the cocktail lounge in the b.g.

MOOSE
Ditch the babe.

MARLOWE
What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to have any love life at all?

Moose turns and looks at him, takes a good grip on his wrist.

MOOSE
Ditch the babe.

MARLOWE
Look. I'm a big boy now. I blow my own nose and everything. You hired me. Now stop following me or I'll get mad.

The grip on the wrist tightens.

MOOSE
Ditch the babe. I like you to meet a guy.

(CONTINUED)

153 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Take it easy---another ten seconds and gangrene will set in in those fingers---

MOOSE
I like you to meet a guy.

MARLOWE
Okay. Okay.

Moose lets go. Marlowe heads back toward the bar, wiggling his fingers and rubbing his wrist.

154 MED. SHOT. The booth is empty. He comes up, looks around, scowls. Then he sees something at his place, reaches for it.

INSERT BEACH CLUB COASTER in Marlowe's hand, reading: "I'll keep the offer open," followed by a hurriedly scrawled address and 'phone number.

BACK TO SCENE. He pockets the coaster, looks off, reacting with amusement.

155 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. Moose is standing over the dancer (she has changed her costume), staring at her in dull fascination. Marlowe heads for them.

156 REVERSE. Moose is regarding the girl so solemnly he almost breaks her up. Marlowe comes in from the b.g. to stand beside Moose, looking from the girl to him.

MARLOWE
You go for the showgirl type, son?

A muscle flicks in Moose's face. He stares at the dancer for a moment more, turns away and goes out with Marlowe, THE CAMERA FOLLOWING.

MOOSE
(nodding back expressionless)
Cute, huh?

We PAN them toward the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BUNGALOW COURTS - NIGHT -

157 Establishing shot.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - NIGHT

158 MED. SHOT. A big expensive sedan comes up the ramp. THE CAMERA MOVES IN as it stops. A Chauffeur gets out, opens the rear door; he looks tough. Moose gets out, then Marlowe, who looks around. Moose nods seriously for him to follow. They go off toward the elevators, the Chauffeur bringing up the rear.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe hesitates, thinking they are going up in the elevators, but Moose and the Chauffeur urge him on. They go on back, into a passageway.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

160 TRUCKING SHOT. We can hear the boilers, and perhaps catch a glimpse of them. Anyway, this is obviously a devious entrance. Moose stops by an elevator marked "SERVICE," opens the door.

MARLOWE
(nodding back toward the passenger elevators)
What's the matter with going up the front way? Your friend behind in his rent?

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

161 MED. SHOT. Moose is holding the door open, urging Marlowe in. The Chauffeur crowds in with him, managing to bump him. When Moose closes the door and punches the button, the Chauffeur extends his hand. Marlowe plays dumb, turns to Moose, reacts.

162 CLOSE THREE SHOT. Moose is holding a gun on Marlowe. Marlowe studies him a moment, grins, turns back toward the Chauffeur.

CHAUFFEUR
Come on----

He still has his hand out and is staring at Marlowe's breast pocket. Marlowe drops his eyes to the spot.

MARLOWE
Oh, that. That's just part of my clothes, felia. I hardly ever shoot anybody with it --

Moose prods him with the gun. He shrugs, reaches inside his coat and hands over his automatic.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

163 MED. SHOT as Moose opens the elevator door, steps out and leads the way. The CAMERA TRUCKS them down to a door. The Chauffeur comes around and unlocks it.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

164 MED. SHOT. Marlowe barely has time to look around. They hurry him across to another door as the CAMERA PANS.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

165 MED. SHOT. Moose and the Chauffeur fall back slightly. Marlowe steps into the room and looks around. The room is lush, vaguely modern; deep carpets, subdued lighting, heavy draperies.

166 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, alert, puzzled.

167 MED. SHOT. Marlowe steps toward a big window overlooking the city. It's a long way up.

AMTHOR'S VOICE
(quiet)
On clear days, Mr. Marlowe, one can see the ships in the harbor at San Pedro --

Marlowe turns quickly, squints into the darkness.

168 REVERSE. Amthor is standing there quietly in the shadows, smiling pleasantly.

AMTHOR
I trust you brought your crystal ball?

169 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe's ANGLE - on Moose.

170 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe's ANGLE - on the Chauffeur.

171 MED. SHOT as Marlowe turns back to Amthor.

MARLOWE
I don't get it --

(CONTINUED)

my

AUTHOR
(a shrug)
I merely wanted to take you on the wing, so to speak. An old psychological trick -- it helps us get closer to the real man.

MARLOWE
Where did you pick up Malloy?

AUTHOR
My dear Mr. Marlowe. I notice in you an unpleasant tendency toward abrupt transitions. A characteristic of your generation, but in this case I must ask you to follow some sort of logical progression.
(he makes himself comfortable)
Now, about the police --

Marlowe leans forward, clipping his words.

MARLOWE
They've either got something on you -- or they're trying to get it. I didn't expect you to tell me which. I was just baiting you -- an old psychological trick, [illegible]. What's your [illegible]

[illegible]
([illegible] be hurried)
I'm in a very sensitive profession, Mr. Marlowe...I am a quack.
(smiles agreeably)
Which is to say, I am ahead of my time in the field of psychic treatment. Naturally, there are certain elements that would like to show me in a bad light. It is entirely possible they have discussed me with the police.
(pausing, a shrug)
That is it. I am sorry if it upsets your theories about me -- which I imagine are much more elaborate, but --

MARLOWE
My theory's pretty simple --

171 (CONTINUED)

AMTHOR
You mean there are some things you do not understand?
(clucks chidingly)
I had always credited the private detective with a high degree of omniscience. Or is that true only in rental fiction?

Moose steps in, impatient but subservient.

MOOSE
Okay, I like you to ask him now.

AMTHOR
(nodding agreeably)
Don't be impatient.

MARLOWE
(quickly to Moose)
Ask me what? What's the matter with you doing your own asking?

Moose is confused. The Chauffeur steps to his side.

CHAUFFEUR
(soothing)
Take it easy, big boy. The boss wants a nice quiet talk with your friend.

He nods off; Moose follows him reluctantly, pocketing his gun.

172 ANOTHER ANGLE as Amthor assumes his bedside manner.

AMTHOR
Now...

He waves Marlowe to a good chair, puts cigarettes near-by.

AMTHOR (cont'd)
I believe you wanted to discuss my relationship with the police. You --

MARLOWE
Look. I usually come right in through the front door, big as life --

(CONTINUED)

173 ANGLE featuring Marlowe as he leans forward again.

MARLOWE
It goes like this. Marriott was a blackmailer of women. He was good. Women liked him around. His interest in clothes and jewelry came easy. But he wasn't the whole works --

174 REVERSE ANGLE. Amthor's expression changes but slightly.

MARLOWE
Somebody told him which women to cultivate, so he could load them up with ice, take them out dancing, then slip to the 'phone and tell the boys where to operate.

Amthor frowns, considers Marlowe for a full second.

AMTHOR
(carefully)
That.....is your picture of Marriott -- and me.

He gets up, looks down at Marlowe thoughtfully.

AMTHOR (cont'd)
I am slightly disgusted -- and very disappointed.

He turns away, strolling. Marlowe watches him, looks off.

175 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. The Chauffeur is standing in the shadows by the door.

176 MED. SHOT. Marlowe nods toward him.

MARLOWE
Don't look now, but Gussie the Gun Collector is back --

Concentrating, Amthor strolls back, disregarding the crack.

AMTHOR
I am very disappointed in you. Your thinking is untidy -- like most so-called thinking today. You depress me.
(he pauses, studying Marlowe again)
Supposing your theory were correct. Then I would have Mrs. Grayle's jade now, wouldn't I?

(CONTINUED)

176 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
(slowly, insinuating)
Unless something went wrong and you haven't got it --

177 CLOSE TWO SHOT. This has an effect on Amthor. He moves in a little.

AMTHOR
(cautiously sparring)
What could have gone wrong?

MARLOWE
Marriott could have lost his nerve and rung in a private dick --

Amthor has nothing to say; he just looks, stoically.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Take a private dick who would risk his neck for a hundred bucks. He might get ambitious. He might figure an expensive necklace would be a nice thing to have in the bank --

178 ANOTHER ANGLE. The speeches begin to gather momentum and tension as they spar cautiously.

AMTHOR
This hypothetical detective of yours... He might even part with such a necklace -- for a consideration --

MARLOWE
Could be. If he had it... How big a consideration?

AMTHOR
It would be difficult to discuss that until he produced the necklace. He might be bluffing, hoping to gain information by obscurity and clumsy indirection. In which case---

MARLOWE
In which case a great thinker might get the bright idea of trying to shake something out of him.

AMTHOR
You wouldn't suggest that?

(CONTINUED)

178 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Only if you wanted to wear your face backwards for a while --

The tension snaps as Amthor relaxes, smiles.

179 ANOTHER SHOT.

AMTHOR
There's no need for us to be at each other's throats, Mr. Marlowe. And there is really no need for subterfuge. I want the jade. I am prepared to buy it from you. If you have it, or if you can get it.

MARLOWE
Supposing I don't have it?

A curious look crosses Amthor's face, harder; he comes closer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Or supposing I don't want to sell?

180 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Amthor's eyes narrow. His hand goes into his pocket, lingers there.

181 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, alert, ready for anything. The tension has built again. Then he reacts to a door opening o.s., the sound of a scuffle.

182 Marlowe's ANGLE. Moose is pushing in past the Chauffeur, who is trying to keep him out. Amthor nods for the Chauffeur to let him come. He comes straight for Amthor.

MOOSE
You get him to tell you yet?

Amthor's hand comes out of his pocket, empty.

AMTHOR
(shaking his head)
He refuses to tell me where she is.

183 REVERSE ANGLE. Marlowe reacts sharply, looks from Amthor to Moose, puzzled. Moose is coming at him.

MOOSE
I give you some dough to find Velma. I don't like you not telling where you got her.

ff

(CONTINUED)

183 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Who says I got her?

Moose looks disappointed, turns slowly on Amthor. Amthor holds his ground but he is cautious. His hand goes into his pocket again.

MOOSE
Look. I don't like nobody to kid with me.

AMTHOR
He's lying. He knows where your girl is.

2

184 ANGLE ON Moose. He is getting confused again. The Chauffeur closes in, ready to protect the boss, takes Moose's arm. Moose shakes him off, but he takes the arm again.

CHAUFFEUR
Take it easy, big boy. We'll get it outa him.

Moose turns and looks at him. He doesn't like what he sees. He shakes off the hand, plants his paw in the middle of the guy's chest and pushes. The Chauffeur sails backwards across the room, taking some furniture with him, ends up in the corner.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe is favored with Moose's attention again.

MARLOWE
(thinking fast)
How'd you get mixed up with these cookies? What's the connection?

Moose looks at Amthor, thinks, looks back.

MOOSE
He's okay. He tells me about you.

MARLOWE
If he told you I know where Velma is, he's nuts. He just picked you up to do his dirty work. He's after some jewelry. He thinks I've got it. Why don't you ask him about Velma.

186 MED. CLOSE SHOT on Moose SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. Moose seems to be trying to follow all this. But it's too much for him. He takes Marlowe's lapels in both hands, as if trying to make him understand.

(CONTINUED)

186 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE
(plaintive)
I give you some dough to find her --

Marlowe tries to shake him off.

MARLOWE
Well, keep your shirt on --

The harder he tries to pry himself loose from the big guy, the harder Moose hangs on.

MOOSE
(shifting from plaintiveness to crazy anxiety)
Where you got her?

MARLOWE
I ain't got her, you dim-wit --

Now Moose is completely crazed.

187 LOW ANGLE as he lifts Marlowe clear of the floor, shakes him like a rag doll.

188 CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe works an elbow up between Moose's arms, drives it in under his chin. His Adam's apple rattles, he lets go.

189 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe lands on his heels, hard. Moose has reeled back a step, feeling his throat. Amthor steps in close. He has a gun now.

AMTHOR
Where is the necklace? Tell me and I'll stop him.

Moose elbows Amthor aside, coming at Marlowe slowly, murderously, feeling his throat.

MOOSE
(softly)
You shouldn't of done that -- you shouldn't of hit me --

He's still coming. Marlowe swings with everything he's got. It lands on Moose's chin, moves the big man's head not more than an inch, just barely glazes his eyes. He shakes his head to clear it, grabs Marlow by the neck. Marlowe tries to get at Moose's throat again. But as the CAMERA MOVES IN on Moose's face, Marlowe's hands fall away. He is being pushed down out of the shot as Amthor's face comes in.

190 TWO SHOT - LOW ANGLE. Amthor and Moose are beginning to go out of focus, as --

AMTHOR
Let him breathe a little --

Moose relaxes slightly. Amthor smiles viciously.

AMTHOR (cont'd)
Where is the jade?

MARLOWE'S VOICE
(with difficulty)
I haven't got it.

We hear his heavy breathing. Amthor shrugs.

AMTHOR
Choke him a little more.

Moose obliges. Amthor pats his arm.

AMTHOR (cont'd)
Let him go -- he's tame.

Marlowe comes back up into the shot, feeling his throat, his back to the camera, as the ANGLE WIDENS. Amthor's features are sadistically cruel.

AMTHOR (cont'd)
I could teach you. But to what purpose? A dirty, stupid little man in a dirty, stupid world. One spot of brightness on you and you would still be that. Is it not so?

Marlowe raises his head, looks at him, and swings. It's a pretty good punch, considering his condition. It sends Amthor back a step.

191 ANOTHER SHOT. There is a spurt of blood in the corner of Amthor's mouth. He recovers, steps back in, unsmiling.

AMTHOR
(slowly)
I'm glad you hit me... It helps me. It helps me a great deal --

His arm flashes up and across as he takes a vicious cut at Marlowe's face with his gun, the butt glinting in the light. It rocks Marlowe's head and he begins to slump.

192 MARLOWE'S ANGLE as the CAMERA PANS DOWN on Moose and Amthor's legs, greyness creeping up around them as the narration comes in.

(CONTINUED)

192 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE'S VOICE
This time I saw what hit me. It was a gun butt, shiny, as hard and bitter as death. Something warm trickled. I licked, and tasted iron and salt...

The screen blacks out completely.

That black pool opened up at my feet again, and I dived in... The next thing I remember I was going somewhere.

The darkness rolls back; it is the door of the service elevator opening.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
It wasn't my idea. I wasn't having any ideas right then. I was a bag of dirty laundry going to the cleaners. . . .

MONTAGE begins as Marlowe is lugged into the elevator and dumped on to the floor.

193 MONTAGE SEQUENCE (CONT'D): Marlowe is dumped on to the floor of Amthor's car. (The faces of Moose and the Chauffeur are SUPERIMPOSED occasionally. They are unreal, their voices far-away. All perspectives are exaggerated.) The car door is opened and Marlowe is bundled out. He steps from the running-board, feels for the ground. The ground isn't there; he tumbles into space. He struggles up a stairway. It is baroque, manorial -- a distortion of the stairway we will see later at Sonderberg's. At the landing he swings around a newel post; it is a carved figure, alive, vaguely resembling Amthor. He struggles on up, step by step, and begins to tire. Mrs. Grayle appears above him, her arms open. He goes toward her; she becomes Moose, who reaches for Marlowe's neck. The treads of the steps turn into putty or pastry. His feet sink into them, the edges sluff away. He steadies himself on the railing; it bends under his touch, squirms like a snake. He loses his balance, begins to fall. The railing wraps itself around him. He is going through a series of doors, each smaller than the others. A man we will later identify as Dr. Sonderborg is following him with an exaggerated hypodermic needle. Marlowe closes each door behind himself, but each time he looks back, Dr. Sonderborg is still coming as if the doors evaporated for him. Marlowe squeezes through the last door into a sort of desert. He struggles toward a small white iron bed beside a Saugus cactus in the distance -- in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of nothing. Just a pale moon overhead, and crickets. He reaches the bed, throws himself on it, exhausted, his head hanging over the edge. Now the moon is far below. He turns over to see Ann sitting beside him. She reaches out to touch him. He reaches for her, but he falls away from her, bed and all turning over and over in space. Then darkness.

194 Out of the darkness emerges a translucent bowl, spinning fast. It runs down, spins a couple of times in the opposite direction, then stops, resolving into:

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I knew what that thing was. It was the moon. It wasn't the right shape for the moon and it was going too fast. But I decided it was the moon.

195 CLOSE SHOT - an ordinary porcelain chandelier, hung on three chains. As it comes into better focus, the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY, as if through smoke or fog, to:

INT. ROOM IN DR. SONDERBORG'S - NIGHT

196 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe, in shirt and shorts, is lying on a white iron bed. He stares through the smoke at the chandelier a moment, stirs himself painfully, looks around as the CAMERA PANS.

It is a small, ugly room. His clothes are on a chair nearby. There is a wash basin, a barred window. And everywhere the smoke.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
The window was open, but the smoke didn't move... It was a grey web woven by a thousand spiders. I wondered how they got them to work together...

197 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe. An alarmed look crosses his face. He takes a deep breath and yells:

MARLOWE
Help!

His voice echoes. It strikes him funny. He laughs. A crazy laugh.

198 ANGLE ACROSS Marlowe - TOWARD a door, as he laughs. The door opens, he turns his head. A short, thick man in a white coat steps in, followed by Moose. They come toward the bed, through the smoke, without having any effect on it. They stand and look down at him, Moose over the Short Guy's shoulder, solemnly.

SHORT GUY
What strikes you funny, pally?

MARLOWE
The smoke.

The Short Guy glances back at Moose.

SHORT GUY
Oh, the smoke strikes you funny, does it?

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Where am I?

SHORT GUY
You like also to know where you are. Anything else, pally?

MARLOWE
(very serious about it)
The doors are too small. The stairs are made of dough.

SHORT GUY
I think this guy is nuts. Do you think he's nuts?

He glances at Moose again, who looks confused, unhappy, starts to say something, but doesn't get a chance.

MARLOWE
Skip it --
(turning over)
I think I'll take me a short nap again.

SHORT GUY
Better make it just that, Jack.

He goes out, taking Moose with him. Moose looks like he has something on his mind.

199 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Alone again, Marlowe passes his hand through the smoke to disturb it. It doesn't disturb. He frowns.

He feels his throat.

He looks at the fingers.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
The throat felt sore but the fingers feeling it didn't feel anything. They were just a bunch of bananas that looked like fingers...

200 ANOTHER ANGLE as he manages with great effort to sit up on the edge of the bed. He feels his arm, studies it.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I wondered what I was shot full of -- something to keep me quiet, or something to make me talk. Maybe both...

201 LOW ANGLE as he starts to stand. The floor rocks like the deck of a ship under fire. He changes his mind about getting up, lowers himself carefully on to the bed again, closes his eyes.

202 ANOTHER SHOT. He lies quietly for a moment.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Okay, Marlowe, I said to myself. You're a tough guy. You've been sapped twice, choked, beaten silly with a gun butt, and shot in the arm until you're as crazy as a couple of waltzing mice... Now let's see you do something really tough -- like putting your pants on --

203 2 WIDER ANGLE. He gets to his feet again, sways, sits down. The second time he makes it, gets across to the chair, struggles into his pants, goes through the pockets. No gun, no nothing. Just the crumpled Beach Club coaster with Ann's address. He tries to read it, hangs on to the chair for dear life, grits his teeth.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Okay, you cuckoo. Walk. And talk. What about? Anything. Everything. Just talk---and keep walking. You're getting out of here. . . .

He starts walking.

The bed has a magnetic attraction for him; he drifts toward it. It begins to look soft, inviting.

That's a beautiful bed. . .

(sharply)
Stay off it!

He reacts to his command, then drifts toward the bed again. It looks even more inviting, but he jerks himself up and forces himself to keep walking.

Walk!

204-208 A SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES on his feet as he walks. On the final shot in the series, the ANGLE WIDENS and he is doggedly trudging through the smoke.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I walked. I don't know how long. I didn't have a watch. They don't make that kind of time in watches anyway.

The smoke has begun to clear. Suddenly he looks around and it is completely gone, the room in sharp detail. He grins.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I was ready to talk to somebody.



(CONTINUED)

204- (CONTINUED)
208

THE CAMERA PANS as he tries the door. Locked. And a couple of closet doors. Locked. He goes back to the bed, throws off the mattress and begins working on a spring.

WIPE

209 MED. SHOT. He has torn out one of the big coil springs. He swings it to test it for balance, grins, steps over against the wall near the door.

MARLOWE
(shouting)
Help! Help!

Quick footsteps down the hall. A key in the lock. The Short Guy steps in, a nice little leather-covered sap swinging in his hand. He takes a step toward the bed, starts to turn. Marlowe lets him have the spring right behind the ear. He dives on to his face. Marlowe follows him, down, puts his shoulder.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
That'll quiet your nerves, sonny.

He switches the bedspring for the sap, starts for the door.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - SOFDERBORG'S - NIGHT

210 MED. SHOT as he comes out, looks around. The key is in the lock. He turns it, pockets it, starts off.

211 TRUCKING SHOT down a dreary, old-fashioned hallway. Nothing stirring. Just doors. All silent, all closed. He reaches the stairway and starts down.

212 ANOTHER ANGLE as he comes down. He pauses to rest, thinks before he leans on the railing, grins. Rested, he goes on down.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - SOFDERBORG'S - NIGHT

213 MED. SHOT as he crosses to the front door, tries the key from the room upstairs. No good. He looks around.

214 A door under the stairway is partly open, showing a crack of light. He starts for it.

215 MED. SHOT at door. Marlowe pushes it open cautiously. We see into the room beyond -- a small office with a neat professional look. A bookcase, a glass sterilizing cabinet with hypo needles. He opens the door a little more. At a desk, just staring into space, sits a man in a white coat. He looks unhealthy, as if he had been sitting there too long. He could have come with the hous-

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INT. SONDERBORG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

216 MED. SHOT. Marlowe steps in. It is several seconds before the man at the desk sees him. Then he barely moves, except to drop his hand near a buzzer system.

MARLOWE
(quickly)
The buzzer won't buy you anything tonight---

He steps toward the desk, exhibiting the sap. The man studies it sleepily.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(indicating the sap)
I gave nursey a sleeping tablet.

The hand retreats slowly from the buzzer system, moves almost imperceptibly toward a set of keys on the desk as the man speaks.

MAN (SONDERBORG)
You have been a very sick man, sir. A very sick man. I cannot recommend your being up and about yet----

217 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe slams the sap down on the desk just ahead of the hand and picks up the keys. THE ANGLE WIDENS as he pockets them. At the same moment, the man makes a quick grab toward one of the desk drawers. The sap lands again and the hand recoils. Then Marlowe leans across, feels into the drawer the man was reaching for, comes up with a gun.

218 ANOTHER ANGLE. He checks it, stands there, swaying slightly.

MARLOWE
(smiling painfully)
I had a nightmare. A lot of crazy stuff. I slept. I woke up and the room was full of smoke. I was a sick man. Instead of pink snakes I had smoke. But here I am. All cured. What were you saying?

MAN (SONDERBORG)
I made no remark.

Marlowe is supporting himself on the desk, waving the gun unsteadily.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Remarks want you to make them. They have their tongues hanging out waiting to be said.

The man is keeping his eye on the gun.

MAN (SONDERBORG)
I am Dr. Sonderborg. You are suffering from narcotic poisoning---

MARLOWE
On account of you pumped this poisoning into me, hmh, Doc?

No answer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Speak out, Dr. Jekyll. I'm in a wild mood tonight. I want to go dance in the foam. I hear the banshees calling. I haven't shot a man in a week---

He looks as if he might shoot, too. His hand is so unsteady anything might happen. Sonderborg is scared silly, in his quiet way. He talks fast.

SONDERBORG
You very nearly died, sir. I had to give you digitalis.

MARLOWE
Also a little something to make me talk?

219 ANOTHER ANGLE. He has to steady himself on the desk and concentrate.

MARLOWE
What was I supposed to talk about?

No answer. Sonderborg watches him cagily.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Maybe about a jade necklace I haven't got? How was I? Was I good telling you about what I don't have to tell you about? Did the customers like me---or will Amthor be disappointed in you? Never disappoint Mr. Amthor. It depresses him---

He tries to clear his head.

220 HIS ANGLE as he looks up. Sonderborg is out of focus. The smoke is back.

220 (CONTINUED)

SONDERBORG
(hypnotically)
You are not well, Mr. Marlowe.
You may collapse at any time.

221 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe works hard to stay on his feet. With a great effort he gets the set of keys out of his pocket and throws them on the desk near Sonderborg.

MARLOWE
Tie a ribbon on the one to the front door, Doc ---

Sonderborg is motionless.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
When you got a gun in your hand, Doc, people are supposed to do what you tell them ---

SONDERBORG
(slowly, suggestively)
I am afraid you are going to faint, Mr. Marlowe.

He closes in and the CAMERA MOVES IN on Marlowe, who wavers and then suddenly, by sheer will power, snaps out of it, holds the gun steady.

MARLOWE
(snarling)
Tie a ribbon on it, Doc.

222 REVERSE - featuring Sonderborg. He hesitates a brief second, separates one key as he extends the bunch to Marlowe. Marlowe takes it, starts backing out, comes toward Sonderborg again. Sonderborg holds his breath. Marlowe reaches in, grabs the phone, yanks it out by the roots, backs away toward the door again as the CAMERA PULLS BACK, staggers through the door.

WIPE

223 EXT. SONDERBORG'S - NIGHT

MED. SHOT as Marlowe comes out, locks the door behind him, throws the keys into some shrubbery, tries to clear his head, and starts off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

224 MED. CLOSE - ANGLED UP at street sign, reading:

"DESCANSO STREET, 2300 W."

225 REVERSE - on Marlowe. He blinks his eyes, shakes his head, looks around.

226 He sees a cab parked in the middle of the block outside an apartment house, and starts for it.

227 MED. SHOT on the cab as Marlowe comes up, steadies himself with his hand on the door handle. He looks drunk.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

228 MED. CLOSE - ANGLED ACROSS Marlowe -- at the Driver, who looks up from his magazine, inhospitably.

DRIVER
I'm booked, Captain.

229 REVERSE as Marlowe starts to protest. The Driver nods toward the meter, with the flag up.

DRIVER
(firm)
I'm booked, Captain --

Marlowe is too weak to argue. He backs off. The Driver goes back to his reading.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

230 MED. SHOT. Marlowe stops to rest on an iron fence. The CAMERA MOVES IN. He gets his breath and looks up, freezing.

231 MED. CLOSE - ACROSS Marlowe -- on Moose's torso. The CAMERA PANS UP to the big man's face. He smiles.

232 TWO SHOT. Marlowe sneers, ready to do battle, reaches for his gun. But Moose quietly takes his shoulder in a powerful grip, immobilizing his arm. He swings wildly, impotently, at Moose's face with his left. Moose doesn't bother to block the punch, quietly takes his left arm.

MOOSE
(solicitously)
You ain't in good shape.

Marlowe growls something, gets a hand free and swings again. Moose catches the arm -- saves him from falling on his face.

MOOSE (cont'd)
You shouldn't ought to fight
with me --

(CONTINUED)

232 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
(snorting)
I'll murder you --

Moose looks hurt, hangs on.

MOOSE
I don't like fighting with nobody ---.

Marlowe struggles.

MARLOWE
Maybe you were just making love to me ---

MOOSE
I like you to keep looking for Velma.

Marlowe stops struggling, breaks out laughing. Moose holds him up with one hand, digs into a pocket for some money, shoves it at Marlowe, closes his fist on it.

MARLOWE
You're nuts. You're crazy as a rabbit.

Moose smiles agreeably, then his face grows serious.

MOOSE
He sent after me.

233 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

MARLOWE
(reacts)
Who sent after you? The smart thinker? Anthor?

MOOSE
(thinks, nods)
He was kidding with me.

MARLOWE
He was kidding the pants off you, son. He was waving a fish in front of your nose. So you wouldn't find your girl. Nobody's supposed to find her. I think he's got other plans for her.

234 ANGLE favoring Moose. He reacts, forgets to hold up Marlowe, catches him just in time.

(CONTINUED)

234 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE
(solicitously, but preoccupied)
You ain't in good shape. I better help you.

MARLOWE
Get me into a cab then, you dopey ape.

Moose looks around.

235 * MOOSE'S ANGLE - the cab at the curb down the street.

236 - BACK TO SCENE as Moose starts for it, half-carrying Marlowe.

237 - MED. SHOT. Moose reaches the cab, throws the door open, bundles Marlowe in.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I said something wrong there. I shot off my face. I knew it. The big stiff-bug was too anxious to get rid of me. His brain was working. I don't know what happened to it. But it was working -- at the wrong time.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

238 MED. SHOT SHOOTING PAST Marlowe - toward the front seat as Moose slams the door. The Driver jumps, turns angrily.

DRIVER
Hey, listen --

He sees who it is, gets ready to be tough. Moose's head appears in the window by the meter.

MOOSE
I like you to take my friend --

The Driver leans toward him, belligerently, indicates the ticking meter.

DRIVER
Look, I got a fare. I'm on waiting time. I got my flag up --

Moose looks at the meter, reaches in, pushes the flag down, shoves on the meter. It comes loose from its moorings, clatters to the floor. The Driver looks at where it was, then down at the floor, then back up at Moose.

MOOSE
I like you to take my friend.

(CONTINUED)

238 (CONTINUED)

DRIVER
(pale)
Yeh. Sure.

He shoves it into gear. Moose smiles as the cab jumps away from the curb.

EXT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

239 CLOSE SHOT on sign, reading:

"BARCELONA COURT
Studio Apartments
No Vacancies"

a.
ANGLE WIDENS to include the cab just pulling away from the curb. Marlowe comes in, THE CAMERA PANNING him as he consults a name-plate by a door, goes on up an outside stairway to a balcony overlooking the fountain and patio.

240 MED. SHOT on balcony. He consults another name-plate, punches the bell, straightens up to wait. There is a soft glow from a curtained window. Ann opens the door, steps back, startled, frightened by his appearance. But before she recovers he has a foot in the door.

ANN
What do you want?

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

241 REVERSE ANGLE on Marlowe. Ann is blocking his path.

MARLOWE
Two cups of black coffee, four three-minute eggs with hard toast, and a scotch and soda.

242 Favoring Ann. She hesitates. He looks beyond her, spots a decanter on a table.

243 MED. SHOT as he squeezes past.

MARLOWE
Excuse me --

The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he heads for the decanter, helps himself. She follows, glaring at him while he unbuttons his collar, tosses the coaster on to the table, looks around appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

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243 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Nice place, but why? Isn't there room for you in the Palace? A little old ballroom or something where you could sleep? Or don't you like it out there?

No answer. She just glares.

244 ANOTHER ANGLE. He goes to the sofa, tests the springs.

MARLOWE
I'm all broke out with cops, honey. They're hanging all over my place and the office. They may just want to chat, but I'm not ready for them yet.
(stretching out)
I may have to live here for a couple of days.

ANN
You're drunk. Get out.

MARLOWE
(looks hurt)
That's no way to talk to your loved one when he comes home to you from the brink of the grave --

Her anger fades. She comes in, stands looking down at him past a lamp on a table at the foot of the sofa.

245 TWO SHOT favoring Marlowe. He smiles, seeing he has her attention and raises his drink.

ANN
What happened -- are you all right?

MARLOWE
(downing his drink)
Helen fixed me a blind date -- with Amthor and a couple of his whipping boys. I don't think I'm supposed to be alive now. They --

He breaks off, tenses, stares up into the light.

246 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe UP TOWARD the light. Ann is somewhere beyond it, indistinct.

MARLOWE
Say that again.

246 (CONTINUED)

ANN
Say what again?

MARLOWE
The last thing you said.

A pause, then:

ANN
I said, what happened and are you all right.

The ANGLE WIDENS as he gets slowly to his feet, goes around to her, stands staring at her.

ANN (cont'd.)
(uncomfortable, a little frightened)
What's the matter? Why do you keep looking at me as if I had a hole in my head?

247 Ann's ANGLE. His face is hard, his voice is cold.

MARLOWE
What were you doing out there in the canyon the night Marriott was killed?

248 Marlowe's ANGLE. Ann tries to look puzzled; she just looks scared.

249 TWO SHOT.

MARLOWE
I just remembered how it happened. I was lying on my face. Because I had been banged on the head. Somebody turned a flashlight on me and asked me if I was all right--

She has nothing to say.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Then she asked me what happened. Yeh -- it was a girl. A girl with red hair, a crooked nose, and --
(looking her over)
-- a nice figure.

She turns away from him into the camera, confused and pained.

mt

250 ANOTHER ANGLE. He studies her back, gives her plenty of time. She turns back.

AMY
(flat)
I didn't kill Marriott.

MARLOWE
You weren't just taking a hike. You found out something was going to happen there.

She looks away.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Knowing your methods, I'll say you overheard Marriott and Helen making some sort of arrangements about the jade --

A guilty silence.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
You knew Marriott had been holding hands with her, at least. You didn't like that --

AMY
I didn't kill him --

MARLOWE
But you didn't like him. You don't like anybody that has anything to do with Helen. What are you trying to do - reform her?

AMY
I hate her.

MARLOWE
That doesn't make sense.

AMY
(a bitter smile)
I hate her. But she's married to my father and she means a lot to him --

251 ANOTHER SHOT. Marlowe is thoughtful and interested.

AMY
I'm fond of my father. It's more than being fond, but it's not the sort of thing I'd expect you to understand because it doesn't have anything to do with money. I just don't want anything to hurt him.

(CONTINUED)

251 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
A guy playing around with his wife -- a guy like Marriott -- that would hurt him. And if he decided to kill Marriott, you'd protect him.

Ann reacts violently. Marlowe goes to her.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
It's been done before. There's no age limit on jealous husbands.

ANN
Oh, no, not father --

He shrugs.

MARLOWE
I don't buy it, either -- yet. I was just trying it on for size. A lot of things still don't fit. I still don't know how you were able to show up at my office the next day making like a reporter.

She hesitates a moment, turns and goes to a desk.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe watches her curiously, sits on the sofa. She comes back, silently hands him a crumpled slip of paper. He looks puzzled, starts to uncrumple it.

INSERT SLIP OF PAPER in his hands, with his name, office address, and telephone written in a cultured hand.

BACK TO SCENE. He looks up.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Whose handwriting is this?

ANN
(shakes her head)
I found it on Marriott.

MARLOWE
You went through his pockets?

She nods.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
That took a strong stomach. How would you like to work for me?

ANN
(smirking)
I'm flattered. I'm also tired of you and I have a date. Go home.

(CONTINUED)

252 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
I told you -- I can't. There's a little bundle on my doorstep by the name of Nulty. He's playing at not looking like a cop, but he's terrible at it.

He smiles pleasantly. She glares. They are deadlocked. The doorbell rings. She jumps.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(whispering)
Get rid of him. Tell him you've decided to have a quiet little supper here with me.

He steps out of range. She gives him a murderous look, starts for the door.

253 MED. SHOT as Ann opens the door, Marlowe in the b.g. It's Randall.

ANN
(uncertainly)
Yes?

Randall exposes a badge in the palm of his hand.

RANDALL
I'd like to have a word with your boy friend.

Marlowe reacts, comes around into sight with resignation

MARLOWE
Come in, Lieutenant.

254 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann grits her teeth. After all, it's her apartment. But there's nothing she can do about it. Randall comes on in. She starts to close the door behind him, almost closes it on Nulty, who pushes in, stands holding the door.

MARLOWE
(to Nulty)
Between you and some other guys I know, my love life's going all to pieces --

Randall is in a vicious mood; he eases the room.

RANDALL
I've been looking for you for three days.
(jerking his head)
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

FINAL

PART II

MARLOWE
(stalling)
We were just sitting down to some soft-boiled eggs and Scotch. You wouldn't join us?

Randall is not amused; he comes closer, pauses.

RANDALL
I gave you some good advice the last time I saw you. I guess it didn't take.

MARLOWE
I didn't bother your little pal Amthor.

Randall looks cagey, hesitates. Maybe he's interested.

255 Marlowe seizes the initiative, talks fast.

MARLOWE
I was going to, but I didn't get around to it. He got to me. He gave me quite a party.

Randall is definitely interested. He motions for Nulty to close the door.

RANDALL
How did it go?

MARLOWE
(now he's cagey)
What'll it buy me?

Randall considers. Marlowe presses his advantage.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
This is straight. You'd like to get Amthor. I'd like to help. He annoyed me a little.

Randall is weakening, but he hates to be out-bargained like this.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
I'll let you off cheap---I just got to finish my dinner.

He smiles sweetly at Ann; she looks away, murderously.

RANDALL
(sitting)
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

255 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Amthor's a tough cookie. He works some sort of complicated jewel routine on the gals who come to him with broken-down libidos. I think Marriott was his contact man.

RANDALL
(unimpressed)
Get to the new part.

256 ANOTHER ANGLE

MARLOWE
The jewelry Marriott was supposed to be buying back was a jade necklace worth about $100,000. belonging to one of Amthor's patients. Maybe he was crossing up Amthor, I don't know. Anyway he fumbled the ball---

RANDALL
That's just a lot of theory.
(he starts to get up)
Let's go.

MARLOWE
(talking fast)
Amthor figured I must have picked it up. He figured wrong. I disappointed him. I didn't have the necklace and I didn't talk. But he has a little rest home where you learn to talk. It's run by a guy who calls himself Dr. Sonderborg. He's a whiz with a hypo---
(exposing his arm)
It's at Twenty-third and Descanso---

Randall shows no emotion, starts for the door Nulty is holding for him.

257 ANOTHER SHOT. Randall stops, glances speculatively at Ann a moment, then turns back to Marlowe.

RANDALL
Who owns this jade?

Ann reacts, alarmed.

MARLOWE
I told you. One of Amthor's patients.

RANDALL
By the name of?

258 CLOSE SHOT. Ann holds her breath.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I don't know.

She exhales with relief.

259 MED. SHOT. Randall looks back at her, starts for the door.

RANDALL
Sorry to bother you, Miss Grayle.

Ann does a slight take, gives Marlowe a quick glance. Randall catches it.

RANDALL (cont'd)
When were you out last---to your father's place in Brentwood?

ANN
(faltering)
Not---not for several days. Is something wrong?

Randall disregards the question, turns back to Marlowe.

RANDALL
(hard)
I'm buying your information this time. But don't make a habit of trying to help me. I might get grateful and lock you up.
(he goes out)

260 Ann comes quickly to Marlowe, worried.

ANN
How could he know....about me?

MARLOWE
(thoughtfully)
I don't know. But that's what happens when you let a cop go to college -- he gets too smart.

He makes a decision, starts for his stuff on the table, the CAMERA PANNING.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Fix your face, We're on our way to Buckingham Palace---

He falters, almost faints, steadies himself on the table. Ann comes up quickly, almost solicitously.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(grinning at her)
Funny thing...about every third day I get hungry. I always have to stop and eat something before I go on working.


(CONTINUED)

She almost smiles, but not quite, turns and hurries from the room. Marlowe settles himself on to the sofa again, puts his feet up, closes his eyes.

261 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann comes back in with a jar of coffee. The cap is stuck. She has evidently hurt her wrist a little trying to open it. The CAMERA PANS her across. She sits beside Marlowe on the sofa, facing him. He opens his eyes, takes the coffee jar and starts working on it.

262 MED. CLOSE as Ann watches him. She's beginning to have a good feeling about this guy, but she's fighting it.

ANN
(abruptly, as if suddenly illuminated)
You know -- I think you're nuts.

Marlowe has her hold the jar while he turns the cap.

ANN (cont'd)
You go barging around without a very clear idea what you're doing, everybody bats you over the head, smacks you down, and fills you full of stuff, but you keep right on hitting between tackle and end --
(irritably)
I don't think you even know which side you're on!

263 TWO SHOT. The cap unscrews. He takes the jar, inhales the aroma with satisfaction.

MARLOWE
I don't know which side anybody's on. I don't even know who's playing today.

He hands her the jar. She takes it; her eyes grow very earnest, very worried.

ANN
Whatever's happening, you must believe in father. He's no match for...for anybody. Please --

MARLOWE
Take it easy. Randall probably picked up a scent leading from Harriott to Helen. He may not have gotten to your father. Anyway, we'll know soon.

He smiles reassuringly to cheer her up, calls her attention to the coffee, which she has forgotten, thumbs her toward the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Skip the water. Make it with Scotch. Save time.

She grins despite herself, hurries toward the kitchen.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. GRAYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

264 MED. CLOSE - a chubby little marble statue of Cupid on a pedestal. The ANGLE WIDENS, SHOOTING PAST Cupid, as Ann comes quickly out on to the terrace, Marlowe at her heels.

ANN
He must be in his workshop --

The CAMERA PANS as she leads the way across the terrace at a fast clip, dives into the garden.

EXT. GRAYLE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

265 MED. SHOT - the entrance of a converted coach house as Ann hurries up the gravel walk, tries the door. It is unlatched. She steps in, Marlowe close behind.

INT. GRAYLE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

266 MED. SHOT - a sharp DOWNWARD ANGLE on a ladder-stairway as Ann and Marlowe come up.

267 MED. SHOT FROM head of stairway into the old harness loft, which has been fitted out as a workshop. A shaded globe over a workbench throws a sharp circle of light. Mr. Grayle is standing at the bench, his back to the camera, as Ann steps from the stairway into the loft. He hears her, jumps, turns. He has a small, old-fashioned gun in his hand. He looks years older, hunted and tired.

268 REVERSE ANGLE as Ann reacts, stepping into the light.

ANN
Father -- !

269 MED. SHOT. The tense expression leaves Mr. Grayle's face. Then he stiffens again slightly when Marlowe follows Ann into the circle of light.

ANN
Father, what were you --

(CONTINUED)

She is staring at the gun. Grayle drops his eyes toward it, shakes his head, smiles vaguely, as if unable to remember what the gun is doing in his hand.

MR. GRAYLE
I don't know... I was frightened ... I'm frightened...

MARLOWE
The police been here?

MR. GRAYLE
(nodding weakly)
They...they...what does it mean?

Marlowe has his eye on the gun, anxious to relieve the old man of it if it can be done casually.

MARLOWE
We don't know yet. Did they talk to your wife?

MR. GRAYLE
(shaking his head limply)
She hasn't been here since yesterday morning. I thought -- Has she been with you?

MARLOWE
(shaking his head)
What did they have to say?

MR. GRAYLE
(confused)
They seemed interested, principally, in our beach house...It was rented to Mr. Harriott.

Marlowe reacts, interested, looks quickly at Ann.

270 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann corroborates her father with a nod.

MR. GRAYLE
It was rented indirectly -- through my bank.

Marlowe looks back at Ann.

MARLOWE
(smiling thoughtfully)
That probably held Randall up a couple of days.
(serious again; to Ann)
Okay, let's have a look at it.

Grayle interposes, agitated.



(CONTINUED)

270 (CONTINUED)

MR. GRAYLE
I must ask you not to go to the Beach House, Mr. Marlowe --

MARLOWE
(slowly, suspiciously)
Yeh? Why not?

MR. GRAYLE
(hysterically)
Because it must stop! The whole thing has gone too far!

MARLOWE
Or maybe it's coming too close?

271 ANOTHER SHOT. Grayle reacts, frightened, struggling for words. Ann gives Marlowe a vicious look, steps quickly to her father's side to quiet him.

MARLOWE
I don't say you killed Marriott, but you could have -- for a good old-fashioned motive.
(calm, reasonable)
Look, Pop. The cops are moving now. They're mad. They're going to tag somebody. So as long as I'm on the payroll here, we'd better understand each other. I don't work by push-buttons. I stop and I go, but I've got to have reasons.

Suddenly Grayle relaxes, runs his hands over his eyes.

MR. GRAYLE
Forgive me, Mr. Marlowe...
Forgive me.
(he turns away)

272 ANOTHER ANGLE. When Grayle has collected himself, he sits wearily in an old chair, absently studies the hand limply holding the gun in his lap.

MR. GRAYLE
(low)
It is perhaps unnecessary to say that I am an old man. You can see that. I have but two interests in life -- my books, and my wife.
(glance toward Ann)
And, of course, my daughter... Of the two, my wife is the more important.

Marlowe sits quietly nearby. Ann stands motionless in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
(looking up at Marlowe)
Do you find her beautiful?

MARLOWE
Why not?

Grayle smiles sadly, nods his head.

MR. GRAYLE
Yes. She is beautiful. And desirable.
(hesitantly)
Perhaps you feel it improper for an old man to have a young and desirable wife?

Marlowe shrugs, impatient for the point.

273 ANOTHER SHOT. Grayle gets slowly up, turns to the workbench, the CAMERA PANNING WITH him. From a shelf he takes down a box for the gun, and opens it, taking out a chamois case, polishing the gun lovingly with the chamois as he talks.

MR. GRAYLE
I have played a little game with myself. I have pretended that she would have become my wife even if I had not been able to give her wealth.

He smiles, returns the gun to the box.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I have enjoyed pretending that. It has made me very happy. Price, of course.

He returns the box to the shelf; a shadow passes across his face.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
And now I am losing her --

274 MARLOWE'S ANGLE as Grayle turns to him, his voice taking on an hysterical intensity again.

MR. GRAYLE
I do not understand why. I do not understand what has happened. But I am losing her! It is ironic ...that it should be because of my jade -- and that because of it a man has died --

(CONTINUED)

He moves into the camera. His eyes grow hard. He almost sneers.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
A paltry, foppish man of no consequence, who is better dead ... He is dead, nevertheless, because of a necklace.
(irrationally)
I do not know why. But it must stop!

He is right on top of the camera now.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
It must stop, Mr. Marlowe! It must stop!

He pauses, exhausted by the emotion, perspiring. The CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he sinks into the old chair again.

275 - Marlowe studies him, glances at Ann and back again.

MARLOWE
(a cynical smile)
What do you want me to do about it?

MR. GRAYLE
(breathing heavily)
You must go no further. The matter must be closed. I will pay you well.

Marlowe frowns, gets slowly to his feet.

MARLOWE
Now this begins to make sense -- in a screwy sort of way.

The CAMERA PANS as he turns to Ann.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(sing-song)
I get dragged in, I get money shoved at me. I get pushed out, I get money shoved at me. Everybody pushes me in, everybody pushes me out. Nobody wants me to do anything --

He breaks off, laughs. Ann's expression is a desperate plea for him to do as her father says. He stops laughing, looks at her, shrugs.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Okay, let's skip it.

Ann reacts with immense relief, turns to her father, whose head is bowed wearily.

276 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe starts out, past Grayle.

MARLOWE
Put a check in the mail.

Grayle nods without looking up. Marlowe stops, has an after-thought.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
I cost a lot not to do anything. I get restless. Throw in a trip to Mexico.

Grayle nods again. Marlowe goes on. Ann starts after him, patting her father's shoulder as she passes.

ANN
I'll be right back, Father.

The CAMERA PANS her across, as she follows Marlowe down the stairway.

EXT. GRAYLE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

277 MED. SHOT. Marlowe comes out, starts up the walk, concentrating. Ann comes out, closes the door behind her, falls in beside him. The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them a few paces as she looks up at him with neither warmth nor malice. He stops, frowns at her.

MARLOWE
You got a key to the Beach House?

278 TWO SHOT. She is stunned and revolted.

ANN
But -- you --

MARLOWE
Sure. I bowed out. I stopped -- as far as he's concerned, it's over --

Unable to express her fury and distaste, she turns away to leave him. He grabs her, holds her, makes her listen

MARLOWE (cont'd)
But that doesn't stop anything. These things don't work like that. Okay. So I go hide under the covers. Do the police stop? Does Helen stop? Do you stop?

ANN
(quickly)
What do you mean? Does Helen --

(CONTINUED)

my

278 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
I don't know. If I always knew what I meant I'd be a genius. But I know this. A cancer doesn't stop growing because somebody asks it to.

ANN
(with disgust)
You're vicious. You take some horrible sort of satisfaction in seeing people torn apart.

She tries to go again, he still holds her, tries to make her understand.

MARLOWE
They're headed for it, anyway. You're headed for it. You're hanging on to something that's going to smack you. If I fold now, it smacks you later. If I stick, it smacks you sooner -- and cleaner. Maybe that's why I'm sticking. I don't know. I'd stick anyway. Because a guy who hired me got killed. I wouldn't want my kids to think I had to hit a guy twenty times to kill him --

She looks suddenly faint, and very tired. He lets her go, drops his voice.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
I could bust in. But a key would make it simpler.

ANN
(without looking up)
I'll tell Father I'm driving you back to town...

She starts back for the workshop.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

279 REV. LONG SHOT. A windy, deserted stretch of beach as the surf breaks over it. The moon is full. THE CAMERA PANS inland to a low, sandy bluff -- the sort common around Santa Monica.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

280 LONG SHOT. It is isolated, set back away from the beach, with a stairway up the bluff.

281 MED. SHOT. At the door, Ann is digging into her purse for the key while Marlowe holds her flashlight. He frowns off into the wind. The sound of surf comes over. She finds the key, opens the door. He steps past her, throwing the light ahead.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

282 MED. SHOT as they come in, Ann closing the door behind her, and as the CAMERA PANS WITH the flashlight. It is a big, rambling studio living room, built on several levels. They have come in on an intermediate level where there is a grand piano, some modern sculpture, and a vare easel. On their left are a couple of steps down into the living room proper, which branches off in an "L" toward the sea. Part of a big fireplace is visible. On the back of the house, steps go up into a dark alcove where the flashlight falls across part of a big studio bed. On the whole, the place has a comfortable, slightly decadent look.

283 MED. CLOSE - Ann and Marlowe. Marlowe sniffs the air.

MARLOWE
Is that you?

ANN
Is what me?

MARLOWE
That nice, expensive smell --

Ann shakes her head, derisively. The CAMERA PANS as the flashlight falls on a portrait of Marriott and HOLDS.

MARLOWE'S VOICE (cont'd)
Quite a lad --

284 REVERSE ANGLE as Marlowe sniffs the air again, distastefully, and goes on across the room, Ann tagging close. She grabs his arm.

ANN
Someone's been here --

He throws the flash in the direction she is looking.

285 MED. SHOT - a desk in disarray as they go toward it.

MARLOWE
(smiling)
Sure. That's the first thing Randall does after a man's murdered -- mess up his house.

They go on, down to the lower level.

286 ANOTHER ANGLE as Marlowe throws the light around. It falls on the telephone stand. Beside the telephone is one of those scratch pads with perforated sections. He turns on a table lamp that throws a feeble glow, brings the scratch pad under it. He brings out the slip of paper Ann found on Marriott and places it on the scratch pad. THE CAMERA MOVES IN.

INSERT

It fits perfectly; it's a section torn from the pad. The writing is similar to some doodling on the rest of the pad.

BACK TO SCENE. Ann studies Marlowe's reaction.

ANN

Does that prove something?

Marlowe is thinking, doesn't answer immediately.

MARLOWE

(finally)

No.

He puts the pad back beside the phone, studies it.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Maybe he found my name in the classified section. That's what he said he did. Or maybe somebody called him and told him about me.

ANN

But you didn't have anything to do with all this until he came to see you -- or did you?

MARLOWE

(slowly)

I don't know...

287 ANOTHER ANGLE as he strolls around toward the big sofa in front of the fireplace, Ann following. The end of the "L" toward the sea is hung with heavy draperies.

MARLOWE

I don't know a lot of things about this. And some things I'll never know. The only man who could tell me is dead.

ANN

Marriott?

MARLOWE

(nods)

All I can do is keep guessing.

ANN

(uneasily)

Well, let's get out of here and go guess some place else --

He goes to her, ignoring that.

288 TWO SHOT. He looks at her evenly, calmly.

MARLOWE
All I can do about you is guess. You still haven't told me much -- except that you went out to the canyon because you like your father --

She avoids his eyes, anxious to leave.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
I could guess you thought he might kill Marriott. And that when you found me out there with my face in the dirt, you thought I was your father.

She looks up at him, but her expression is hard to read. He studies her to see if he has guessed right, then she looks down, holds her head in her hands for a moment.

ANN
Please, let's go. I'm awfully tired.

MARLOWE
Okay.

He lifts her chin. She smiles wearily, affectionately, makes no effort to pull away. The CAMERA MOVES IN slightly. She knows what's going to happen. He's going to kiss her. And she doesn't care. He runs his finger down her nose.

MARLOWE
(softly)
That's a nice nose. Even if it is crooked.

ANN
It isn't really crooked. It's just got a little bump where a baseball hit me --

Their lips are close.

ANN (cont'd)
I was playing short stop for the seventh grade, and --

Their lips meet.

289 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. He holds her for a moment. She clings to him as if she very badly needed someone, something to hang on to.

MARLOWE
(softly)
I guess pretty good, huh?

Her head bobs affirmatively.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(still softly)
Your father really loves Helen, I can see that. And Marriott did hurt him. When I came along, you were afraid I might become another Marriott. So you tried to buy me off --

Her face is hidden from the camera, but we see her stiffen slightly in his arms.

290 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. He hangs on.

MARLOWE
That didn't work. And I began to suspect your father. A real tough guesser might say that when he couldn't buy me off, either, you decided to be nice to me --

(CONTINUED)

290 (CONTINUED)

She wrenches suddenly out of his arms, stares at him with incredulous, speechless anger, turns away.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(gently)
I don't always guess right. I might be wrong. I think maybe I am wrong --

She wheels on him, lashes out, bitterly.

ANN
Sometimes I hate men! All men! Old men, young men, football players, opera tenors, smart millionaires, beautiful men who use rose water, and almost-heels who are...private detectives --

She turns away again, almost ready to cry. Marlowe shrugs helplessly. There is a moment's silence. Then the silence is shattered by a ringing, sarcastic laugh. Ann freezes. Marlowe slowly turns his head.

291 MED. SHOT. Mrs. Grayle, wrapped up in a polo coat, is sitting quietly on the steps leading up to the sleeping alcove, like someone watching a football game. She smiles, gets slowly to her feet, comes down toward Ann.

MRS. GRAYLE
(to Ann)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have laughed, but I couldn't help it. I always laugh at the wrong places in the theatre, too. The big serious, ringing speeches always strike me funny -- and that was a very good speech, darling. I've felt the same way about men, myself -- for short periods.

She turns toward Marlowe.

292 ANOTHER SHOT. She smiles at him, indulgently.

MRS. GRAYLE
That really wasn't fair of you -- taking advantage of a young, sentimental, and very romantic girl --

Ann steps in, interrupting.

ANN
That was only the first half of the speech --

295 ANGLE featuring Ann. She picks up right where she left off and gathers speed.

ANN
The rest of it goes like this: I hate their women, too. Especially the Big League Blondes. The silky, selfish ones. The beautiful, expensive babes, who know what they've got. All bubble bath and dewy morning and moonlight. And inside, watchworks, blue diamonds and blue steel. Cold like that -- only -- (groping for words) -- only not that clean.

It is anti-climatic. She stands there, spent, miserable.

294 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe looks at her with a hint of admiration. Mrs. Grayle regards her with silent, tolerant interest.

MRS. GRAYLE
(quietly)
Your slip shows, dear.

Ann bites her lip furiously, ducks her head, and starts for the door. Marlowe starts to stop her, changes his mind.

295 MED. SHOT. Ann fumbles blindly with the latch, then turns, looks in the general direction of her step-mother.

ANN
(flat)
Father's worried. I'll tell him you're here, and all right.

She goes quickly, letting the door slam shut behind her in the wind.

296 REVERSE ANGLE. Marlowe looks after her a second, turns and stares at Mrs. Grayle with calm insinuation.

MARLOWE
How long you been here?

MRS. GRAYLE
(smiling warmly)
Since yesterday. I --

MARLOWE
Smart thinking. The cops won't be back. Good place to hide --

She seems innocently baffled by the insinuation, makes an affectionate overture. He avoids it.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
You're good at throwing stray lambs to the wolves, aren't you? Or did you just happen to leave before the cops dropped in on your husband?

MRS. GRAYLE
(tries again)
Please --

297 ANOTHER SHOT. He peels her off again.

MARLOWE
Look. I'd like to get a few things straight. You hired me to find your necklace. You were going to help me. Okay. So you stand me up in a corny rum-joint and --

MRS. GRAYLE
(contrite)
I'm sorry, I --

MARLOWE
And you tell Arthur to pick me up there and see if he can shake the necklace out of me. I don't get it.

She looks down, humble, apologetic.

MRS. GRAYLE
I'm sorry. I thought you might have it --

MARLOWE
What gave you that idea?

She looks up, urgently, appealing for understanding.

MRS. GRAYLE
Please, don't blame me. You could have had it.

He just stares at her cynically, coldly for a moment, looks away. She goes to him, tenderly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Was it bad?

She is perfectly ready to go into his arms and comfort him, but he's holding her off.

MARLOWE
It almost made me mad. How long have you really known Arthur?

298 TWO SHOT. She evidently decides to be candid.

MRS. GRAYLE
I don't lie very well, do I?

He waits for her to go on, but she doesn't.

MARLOWE
Well -- ?

She looks up at him, very unhappy, very appealing.

MRS. GRAYLE
It's a long story. And not very pretty --

MARLOWE
I got lots of time. And I'm not squeamish.

She shrugs wearily, turns away as the ANGLE WIDENS. She crosses toward the steps opposite the fireplace on which she was discovered, unbelting the polo coat as she goes. Marlowe follows -- watching her cagily and keeping her within range.

299 ANOTHER ANGLE. She goes on up the steps, switches on a light, disclosing an alcove with a large studio bed. She starts sliding back a wardrobe door built into one wall.

300 MED. SHOT - several of her dresses, gowns, and coats in the wardrobe. She reaches for a satin housecoat.

301 MED. CLOSE. Marlowe reacts with interest as he watches, leaning comfortably against the wall at the foot of the steps.

302 Marlowe's ANGLE. Carrying the housecoat, she crosses to a spot near the bed just above him, pauses and looks down at him evenly.

MRS. GRAYLE
Amthor is blackmailing me.

She casually throws off the polo coat: she is in negligee.

303 ANGLE PAST her on Marlowe. His eyes stray ever so slightly to her figure, but his expression doesn't soften. It grows harder, if anything.

MARLOWE
(evenly)
I more or less figured that.

She starts slipping into the housecoat.

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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

PART III - THE END

FINAL

4/27/44 55

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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

PART III - THE END

FINAL

304 ANOTHER SHOT. Tying up the housecoat, she crosses to switch out the light and starts down past Marlowe.

MARLOWE
How does it work?

She gives him a quick look, goes on, evidently getting up courage to begin as the CAMERA PANS.

305 She goes to a bar near the fireplace, starts getting out drinks. Marlowe sits on the arm of the sofa, watches every movement with sadistic satisfaction.

MRS. GRAYLE
My husband is sixty-five. He's in love with me. I'm fond of him. I'm grateful -- he's been understanding. But I've gone out with other men.

She brings the drinks to a coffee table near the sofa. She isn't calm; this is difficult for her to talk about -- or else she's just putting on a show.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I find men very attractive.

MARLOWE
I imagine they meet you half-way.

She looks at him, thoughtfully, as if about to smile. But she doesn't. Instead, it's that vaguely provocative look again. She sits on the opposite end of the sofa.

MRS. GRAYLE
I didn't realize when I first met Lin just how close he was to Amthor ... And it took me a while to discover just how insidious Amthor is, because he did me a lot of good.

306 ANOTHER ANGLE. It's clear that she wants Marlowe to sit beside her. He comes around, pats into position one of the sofa pillows that has been disarranged. She watches him, tensing for a moment.

MARLOWE
What kind of good?

MRS. GRAYLE
He treated my centers of speech.

Marlowe snorts viciously, sits down.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
There's something in it. I had a psychological impediment.



MARLOWE
He did a swell job -- you talk as good as I do now.

307 TWO SHOT -- ANOTHER ANGLE. She reacts with only a slightly quizzical expression, goes on.

MRS. GRAYLE
His system's partly mumbo-jumbo, partly the real thing. But he flatters you, he gets into your past, and you talk. . .

Her eyes are roving his face in that fond way again, reeling him in. He isn't struggling.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
It's the awful way he works -- unearthing a basis for blackmail...

2
They are close. An embrace seems inevitable. But suddenly she retreats, gets to her feet.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Finally he asked for the jade...

308 ANOTHER ANGLE. She crosses to the lamp Marlowe turned on by the telephone, speaking as she goes.

MRS. GRAYLE
I agreed. I had no choice. He knew too much about me. He threatened to go to my husband.

MARLOWE
Sounds like quite a past.

She gives him a peculiar look, turns off the light.

309 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, trying to follow her movements in the dark.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE
A younger man than my husband might accept it, or get drunk, or divorce me. But he's not young. I think it would kill him --

We hear the sudden, rasping swish of a traveller curtain being opened. Moonlight falls on Marlowe's face.

310 MED. SHOT. She has jerked back the drapes, so that moonlight is streaming through the French windows. Beyond is part of the bluff and a foggy hint of sea. She stands there a moment, pats the drapes back into position, opens one of the windows slightly.

MRS. GRAYLE
Anyway, I couldn't risk it. And I agreed. But before I could turn the jade over to Amthor it was stolen --

311 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe reacts, thoughtfully. She comes back toward him, takes up her drink, adds to it. He isn't touching his.

MRS. GRAYLE
The man who took it made it clear that if I called the police...well, that my husband would know.

She shrugs, as if finished with her story, sits beside him, and leans back. The moonlight under her chin is very becoming. Marlowe takes it all in, aware that she is setting the stage.

MARLOWE
(thinking aloud)
That makes it an outfit that knew Amthor's methods, doesn't it? Or an outfit tipped off by somebody close to him -- somebody who knew what he knew...

She nods, takes a long drink.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(a sudden thought)
It could have been Marriott?

She nods again, shudders from the drink.

MRS. GRAYLE
I think it must have been.

MARLOWE
If he helped them arrange the holdup, then managed a trick pay-off --

He breaks off, disappointed in the idea.

MARLOWE
He wouldn't have needed me for that.

MRS. GRAYLE
He rattled easily. If he thought Amthor suspected him, he might have decided to take someone along for protection.

MARLOWE
(thoughtful)
Yeah. Could be.

MRS. GRAYLE
(intently)
I'm sure of it. I'm sure Amthor decided to kill him out there. He may even have known about you -- and counted on you taking the blame.

rh

312 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe thinks it all over in his mind a moment.

MARLOWE
Okay. It's rough, but I'll buy it up to there.

He takes her empty glass from her hand, turns to the coffee table to refill it.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Amthor was going to hand your husband your past on a platter if you didn't fork over the jade. You decided to play ball, but the jade was stolen. With Marriott's help. Amthor caught on, killed him. What happens now?

313 CLOSE SHOT - coffee table. He is adding water to the whiskey. A slight pause.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE
I want you to help me kill Amthor.

He spills part of the water, puts the pitcher down slowly.

314 MED. CLOSE. Marlowe stares dully at the spilled drink for a moment. Then he turns to look at Mrs. Grayle as the CAMERA PANS, HOLDS ON her. She is deadly serious, taut, and strained.

315 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, staring at her.

316 CLOSE TWO SHOT. She presses closer, pain and suffering in her face, her voice husky, pleading.

MRS. GRAYLE
Don't you see? It's the only way I'll ever have peace. Once these things get started they go on and on. He'll never be satisfied, even if he gets the jade. He has started killing now. I --

317 REVERSE. Marlowe's eyes grow hard, calculating, as he interrupts.

MARLOWE
Why me? Because I'm handy and I know how to use a gun -- or just because I wear pants?

318 CLOSE TWO SHOT. She bites her lip, shakes her head in passionate denial.

(CONTINUED)

318 (CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE
Oh, no --

She throws herself forward across his chest; he holds her stiffly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
(her face buried)
Please...I need you so...I'm lost... I haven't been good...not halfway good...

His expression as he holds her is distasteful.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I haven't even been very smart... But don't say that... I need help ... and peace...

She turns her face up to him, beseechingly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I need you...

He studies her face, smooths her hair back from her forehead. Then he kisses her.

319 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. As they break and she buries her face on his shoulder.

MARLOWE
(throaty)
You got anything worked out?

She slumps in his arms, as if relieved to have it settled, and then nods.

MRS. GRAYLE
(calm, weary)
But I haven't been able to find him.

MARLOWE
(a wry smile)
That's probably my fault. The cops had a half-nelson on me. I tossed them Sonderborg. Amthor may have skipped.
(frowning)
Even if we find him we've still got to be good to sell the butcher a steak -- he works at this stuff --

Mrs. Grayle sits up, businesslike for a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE
Make it simple. Tell him you're ready to sell. You've got the jade --

320 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe gives her a quick, cagey look.

MARLOWE
Have I?

MRS. GRAYLE
(smiles, shrugs meaninglessly)
He won't expect you to have it on you, and he'll need a few hours to get the money. You name a spot to meet later. He'll object, pick one of his own. You object, make another suggestion and insist.

MARLOWE
For instance?

MRS. GRAYLE
Here.

MARLOWE
(considers)
Then he sends a stooge --

MRS. GRAYLE
(shrugs again)
We just don't play that way. We wait.

MARLOWE
Okay. He comes. Then what?

She hesitates, disturbed, seems to steel herself.

MRS. GRAYLE
That's my part.

They look at each other steadily for a moment; her expression softens and she smiles fondly.

MARLOWE
Okay. I'll dig him up --

He starts to get up, she protests, pulls him down to her.

MRS. GRAYLE
In the morning...

MARLOWE
I'd better get in a lick before daylight.

She looks at him fondly, reluctant to let him go.

MRS. GRAYLE
You're wonderful... How would you like not having to earn a living?

rh (CONTINUED)

320 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Wouldn't bother me. Got any ideas?

She nods, smiles.

MRS. GRAILE
When will you be back?

MARLOWE
(shrugs)
He's slippery. It may not be easy. And I better not come out 'till tomorrow night.

She pulls him down. They kiss.

321 ANOTHER ANGLE. They break. He gets up and heads for the door, disappearing into the darkness. She stretches out her hand lazily for her drink.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SUNSET TOWERS - NIGHT

322 MED. SHOT. Marlowe pauses on the sidewalk, goes up the ramp, hugging the wall, disappears into the garage.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I went in the way I knew about. It was simpler. And I had a psychological trick to try out on Foxy Grandpa. I thought it would give him a bang. I thought it would kill him. . .

WIPE

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

323 MED. SHOT. The room in which Marlowe interviewed Author. It is dark, lighted only by light from the big window. The CAMERA PANS AROUND slowly. There doesn't seem to be anybody here.

324 ANOTHER ANGLE. The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Marlowe, motionless against the wall as he looks around, his gun ready. Satisfied, he moves away from the wall, finds a lamp and turns it on. We see now that the room is messed up. There has been a fight here. Marlowe looks around.

325 MED. CLOSE as he reacts.

326 WIDER ANGLE as he walks around a sofa, the CAMERA PANNING him. He stops, looks down at something out of sight, frowns slightly, then looks up again, and heads across the room.

327 ANOTHER ANGLE as he comes to the phone, dials. The CAMERA MOVES IN.

MARLOWE
(into phone)
Lieutenant Randall.

There's an indistinct growl on the other end.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Okay, take a message. Tell him to send a basket for a body by the name of Jules Amthor. Top floor of the California Towers.

MAN'S VOICE
(filter)
Who is this?

MARLOWE
(into phone)
Jack the Ripper, Sergeant, Jack the Ripper.

He hangs up, starts out.

328 ANOTHER ANGLE as he comes back to turn out the light. We see the lower half of Amthor's body, which was previously masked by the sofa.

Marlowe pauses, looks down at him coolly, lights a cigarette.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
He wasn't hurt much. He was just snapped. The way a pretty girl would snap a stalk of celery. . .

He turns out the light, leaving the room dark as he goes out.

Only for this job you'd have to be a big man -- with a big pair of hands...

DISSOLVE

INT. MARLOWE'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

329 MED. SHOT as he comes in, closes the door, crosses to his desk, and sits down, before he turns on the light. He unlocks the center drawer, takes out the photo of Velma.

330 MED. CLOSE. He pushes back his hat, stares gloomily at the photo a moment, turns toward the window, thinking, puzzled. The CAMERA PULLS BACK slowly until we are SHOOTING PAST Moose, who is standing on the other side of the desk. Suddenly Marlowe senses his presence, turns his eyes, and then turns slowly in the chair, looking up at him.

331 REVERSE - on Moose: unsmiling, menacing.

MOOSE
I got to find her now. I got to go away.

332 TWO SHOT.

MARLOWE
Sounds like a good idea. You might get unpopular with the police here, breaking guys off at the neck --

Moose reacts, leans across, grabs Marlowe, and yanks him to his feet; his eyes narrow.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(evenly; recklessly)
I know you didn't mean to kill him. You just shook him too hard because he wouldn't tell you --

Moose hangs on.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
You don't know your own strength. Now, relax, or I won't be able to help you.

333 ANOTHER ANGLE. Moose is losing his first crazy impulse to throttle the guy, but his hands are still around his neck.

MOOSE
You find her?

Marlowe manages to turn his head a little, indicates the photo on the desk.

MARLOWE
Is that your girl?

Moose looks, slowly relaxes his grip, reaches to pick up the picture.

INSERT THE PHOTOGRAPH in Moose's hand.

334 MED. CLOSE as Moose studies it laboriously.

335 REVERSE as Marlowe watches his expression.

MARLOWE
That's your girl, isn't it? That's Velma?

rh

336 TWO SHOT as Moose looks up from the photograph, his eyes dull and bewildered. He slowly shakes his head. Marlowe's eyes narrow.

MARLOWE
It says, "Love -- Velma" doesn't it?

Moose looks back at the photograph, reads the inscription with his tongue and lips, looks up at Marlowe again, very confused. Then the bewildered look hardens into suspicion; he reaches suddenly for Marlowe's lapels.

MOOSE
I don't like nobody to kid with me.

MARLOWE
Nobody's kidding with you. Somebody was kidding with me. I thought that was a phony. I had to be sure... It was supposed to nip up anybody who started looking for Velma.

337 ANOTHER ANGLE. Moose doesn't understand all this. He is confused, disappointed.

MOOSE
She wasn't like that. I tell you how she was. Cute. Cuter than that --

He makes a move for Marlowe. Marlowe sidesteps him, barks at him.

MARLOWE
Okay! Okay! She was cute as a cap pistol! She's still cute! Do you want to see her before you go away, or don't you?

Moose sobers suddenly as it sinks in. He blinks, his face works for an instant, resolves into a reverent smile.

MOOSE
(slowly)
You mean you find her now?

MARLOWE
Yeh. I find her. Just now.

Moose has an anxious thought.

MOOSE
She's okay, huh?

MARLOWE
That depends on what you got in mind --

(CONTINUED)

rh

337 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE
She done all right, huh?

MARLOWE
(shrugs)
That depends, too --

Moose has an even more serious thought, looks at Marlowe suspiciously.

MOOSE
You tip the johns off on her? I wouldn't want little Velma to serve no stretch --

338 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe reacts sharply.

MARLOWE
What stretch?

MOOSE
(beside himself)
I tell you how it was eight years ago. Now we --
(breaks off, confused)
I forget what I tell you.

MARLOWE
You two mixed up in something together?

He grabs Marlowe again suddenly, roughly.

MOOSE
You tip off the johns on her. The johns got her --

Marlowe gets loose again, manages once more to shout him down.

MARLOWE
Listen to me, will you, and stop dancing with me! The johns ain't got her!

Moose relaxes.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(reasonably)
Nobody's got her. She's got herself. She wants to talk to you... Things have changed a little in eight years.

Moose thinks about that, assimilates it, and accepts it quietly. He starts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

mt

338 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE

Okay.

MARLOWE

(stops him)
Tomorrow --

Moose is disappointed. But he thinks it over, and accepts that, too.

MOOSE

Okay... I like to pay you some more for finding her --

He goes into his pocket and a peculiar look comes across his face. His money's gone.

339 ANOTHER ANGLE.

MARLOWE

Skip it.

He hands Moose a coin.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Buy yourself a hamburger--- and lay low. See you here tomorrow as soon as it gets dark.

Moose stares at the coin, looks up at Marlowe for a moment. Then he turns and ambles out, disappearing into the darkness out of the outer office.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

340 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe pouring sand out of his shoe. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. He is sitting on a rock. Moose watches solemnly, his back to the sea. Marlowe starts putting his shoe back on.

MARLOWE

You got that?

Moose looks vague.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

What do you do?

After some thought Moose indicates the spot he is standing on.

MOOSE

I wait here. Then I come up.

(CONTINUED)

When do you come up?

Moose thinks, looks up toward the bluff.

MOOSE
You open the window.

MARLOWE
I open the curtains. You'll see the light. I've got to get set, so don't jump the gun. Don't move. I'll leave the door open --

Moose nods. Marlowe convices himself the guy understands, starts for the stairway. Moose looks after him. The surf runs up, spreads out over his shoe-tops. He doesn't notice; he doesn't move.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
That was like lighting a stick of dynamite and telling it not to go off. But I had to take the chance. I had to know one more thing. I had to know how the jade figured. I hoped he wouldn't snarl me up.

WIPE

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

341 ANGLE PAST the sofa, TOWARD the French windows. There are no lights on, just the moonlight from outside. Marlowe comes past on his way to the front door.

The CAMERA SWINGS WITH him as he continues on out of sight, until he knocks. Nothing happens inside. There doesn't seem to be anybody here. He knocks again. Then Mrs. Grayle materializes from the deep shadows of the sofa, hurries swiftly and quietly to the door, throws it open. Marlowe steps in, she goes into his arms.

342 MED. CLOSE in the light from the partly open door. She raises her face to be kissed, then clings to him.

MARLOWE
(softly)
You're trembling... .

MRS. GRAYLE
I was afraid something had happened.
(looking up)
Did you find Jules?

MARLOWE
(nodding)
He'd gone under cover...He'll be here about twelve. Let's get set. What's the program?

Without answering, she slips out of his arms, starts back across the unlighted room. He stays behind to close the door, slipping the catch so it won't lock, and then follows her.

mt

343 MED. SHOT PAST the fireplace TOWARD the windows, as he comes down. She pulls the drapes across the windows and for a moment the scene is completely dark. When she turns on the lamp he is standing beside her. She gets out a cigarette, nervously; he lights it for her; she avoids his eyes, starts for the sleeping alcove. He calculates the relationship of the windows and the lamp, moves the lamp a little, lights a cigarette himself.

344 ANOTHER ANGLE as she comes back, carrying a neatly-wrapped package about the size of a necktie box, extends it to him with a mysterious smile. He looks from the package to her face, and back again, takes it. She smiles, answering his unasked question.

MRS. GRAYLE
You told Jules you'd have it for him, didn't you?

She shrugs, comes around to sit in a chair. He looks at her again, takes the package under the lamp and starts hurriedly unwrapping it.

345 MED. CLOSE - Mrs. Grayle watching him with a smug smile.

346 MED. CLOSE - the package. As he tears the wrappings off they hide the contents from the camera. The ANGLE WIDENS including Mrs. Grayle in the b.g., as he stares inside, expressionless.

MRS. GRAYLE
(after a moment)
Well? Don't you like it?

MARLOWE
(slowly, not looking up)
I don't know...I've never seen a necklace worth a hundred thousand bucks before.

She laughs softly.

347 ANOTHER ANGLE. He begins re-wrapping the package thoughtfully.

MARLOWE
Where did you get it?

MRS. GRAYLE
(casually, smiling)
From the lower left hand drawer of my dressing table --

348 CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe stares at her for a full ten seconds, genuinely dazed.

349 TWO SHOT. She enjoys his surprise. He takes a step in.

MARLOWE
(thinking aloud)
It was never stolen...

She shakes her head.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
There wasn't any hold-up...

She shakes her head again.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
You faked the whole thing...

MRS. GRAYLE
(getting down to business)
I wasn't going to let him get it. It would have just whetted his appetite. I'm not going to let him get it now.

350 ANOTHER ANGLE as she crosses to him. He's still a little dazed.

MRS. GRAYLE
Give him a look at it. He'll quibble --

MARLOWE
The last time, he tossed his gun at me. He may know how to shoot it --

MRS. GRAYLE
He won't get that far, but let's not talk about it now. It's very simple, and --
(dropping her eyes to the package)
Well, then, this is yours.
(affectionately, ready for an embrace)
You're much too nice to be a grubby detective all your life.

He avoids the embrace, concentrates. He seems to be balancing the value of the jade against the risk.

MARLOWE
You told Marriott this thing was stolen?

mt She nods.

350 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Why?

MRS. GRAYLE
(impatient with this ancient history)
He was close to Jules and it had to look real. They both had to believe it was really stolen. I had to go through the motions of buying it back --

MARLOWE
He fell for all that?

MRS. GRAYLE
(shrugging)
Why not?

She falters, takes refuge in his arms; this time he doesn't avoid her, holds her for a moment. She steadies herself, looks up, smiles weakly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I really didn't like him. He wasn't any good. But remembering does something to my stomach --

MARLOWE
(quietly)
You still think Amthor killed him then?

MRS. GRAYLE
(shrugging)
Who else?

351 MED. CLOSE. He holds her closer, looks down at the top of her head, his eyes growing hard.

MARLOWE
(softly)
You.

She stiffens, twists slowly to look up at him with tortured disbelief.

MRS. GRAYLE
Oh, no...

His expression isn't kidding. She tears herself out of his arms, turns toward the sofa as the ANGLE WIDENS. She sits back in one corner of the sofa, miserably. He follows, looking down at her, and the CAMERA MOVES IN. She looks up, desperate, hopefully.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
You can't mean that...

He nods. (CONTINUED)

351 (CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
But why---?

MARLOWE
Because I think the picture was a little different. I think he was scared because he had agreed to help you kill a nosey detective. Yeh--the one Mrs. Florian called him about---

352 MED. CLOSE. She looks up at him, catches her breath.

MARLOWE
He had to help you---you knew that---to protect his interest. You belonged to him---and to Amthor, and to Mrs. Florian in her modest way. You supported them. They didn't want me cutting in anymore than you did. You wouldn't be worth blackmailing if I found you for Moose---

353 CLOSE SHOT as she reacts, but without losing her composure, the look of one being unrighteously accused.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
He might even hurt you.

354 TWO SHOT. She opens her mouth, but he jumps her.

MARLOWE
If Marriott hadn't been scared silly he might have realized you were pushing us both in a corner---

He pauses, smiles down at her cynically. For a moment she has nothing to say.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
That was nifty thinking, darling. One of us would leave the car. It didn't matter which. Either way, you had us separated. You could tag us one at a time--and get Amthor later.

She looks down, miserable, submissive.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
It might have worked, too--if it hasn't been for Ann. Of course my head's pretty hard. And killing a man with a sap's quiet, but no work for a lady --

MRS. GRAYLE
(tortured)
Please -- don't --

fm

355 ANOTHER ANGLE as she gets up, goes to him, trying frantically to make him believe her.

MRS. GRAYLE
Oh, it's all true -- don't make me say it. Suddenly I was trapped -- everyone was closing in on me -- I didn't know where to strike -- I didn't know what I was doing --

MARLOWE
You almost did it, anyway. I almost ended up as dead as Marriott --

She takes his shoulders, trying to make him see the truth in her face as she drives on with great effort.

MRS. GRAYLE
I didn't know what you would do -- I didn't know what Moose would do -- But I can't go back now -- and I'm so close to peace, so close -- just Amthor... I don't like killing--I can't face it alone--don't desert me now --

Her look would tear the heart out of a stone lion.

356 TWO SHOT. He slowly shakes his head.

MARLOWE
Sorry. It won't work twice. It's a good technique, but it won't work twice.

She turns away, sinks back in the corner of the sofa.

357 ANOTHER SHOT. He pauses, carefully.

MARLOWE
I don't count the first time, eight years ago. You were just learning. Moose was in love with you. And I don't know what you talked him into---

358 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Grayle. This is the one that really hits her.

359 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Was it murder---or something serious?

fn

360 TWO SHOT. He smiles, lets it sink in, starts for the windows, turns back.

MARLOWE
You almost had me, sister, because you almost told me the truth. Sure, Amthor's blackmailing you. But you gave the wrong reason.

He starts for the windows again as he talks, watching her. She doesn't move or look up--a miserable, beaten figure huddled back in the far corner of the sofa.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
It wasn't just men. Pop understood the men--that was part of the set-up, an understanding Grandpa. No, it was the clink coming up. And it's no good understanding the clink---

361 ANOTHER ANGLE. His eyes leave her for an instant as he starts to pull back the drapes. At the same instant her hand comes up from behind her in the sofa. It's holding a small business-like gun.

MARLOWE
You still don't get silk sheets---

He sees the gun out of the corner of his eye, makes a quick grab for his own, but she barks out at him, hard, like a top-sergeant.

MRS. GRAYLE
Don't do that!

He's too late. His hand stops in mid-air. With the gun she gestures for him to get them both all the way up. When he has them up, she smiles -- a small, bitter regretful smile.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
(slowly as she gets to her feet)
I've kept forgetting to tell you -- you shouldn't kiss a girl when you're wearing that gun.

She caresses her right shoulder with her left hand, lets it longer there while she circles him, slowly, the CAMERA SWINGING WITH her.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
It leaves a bruise.

MARLOWE
I'll try to remember that.

She comes on around. Beyond her are the windows. One of them is open slightly, stirring the drapes.

(CONTINUED)

He has backed up toward the steps leading to the unlighted area around the front door.

MRS. GRAYLE
I could like you. I could like you a lot.

362 CLOSE SHOT. He is plenty worried.

363 CLOSE SHOT. The gun in her hand as her finger tightens slightly on the trigger.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE
I'm sorry it has to be like this --

There is a shattering crash. Her hand jumps, but she hasn't fired.

364 LOW ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. In the f.g. beside him and somewhat behind him are the shattered remains of the plaster head we saw earlier on a pedestal. One big chunk of the skull is still rolling, like a dying top. He turns slightly, trying to see what has happened. She barks at him.

MRS. GRAYLE
Don't move!

Her eyes snap past him, then back again.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
(quietly, smiling at him)
Come in. Come in.

Ann comes slowly into the shot, stepping carefully down to the lower level past the pieces of plaster skull, into the light, and into Marlowe's range.

365 ANGLE ACROSS Marlowe. He turns to look at her, a muscle flicks in his cheek. She refuses to look at him, or at Mrs. Grayle, just stands there miserably, trying to shrink into herself. Then Mr. Grayle steps down into the light. Marlowe reacts again, glances from the old man to his wife.

366 GROUP SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. Mr. Grayle looks up at his wife, his eyes dull and old. She meets them briefly, glances at Ann, maneuvers a little to command the situation, keeping Marlowe covered.

MRS. GRAYLE
(to Ann, smiling)
Your sense of timing gets worse and worse, dear --

(CONTINUED)

366 (CONTINUED)

MR. GRAYLE
(shaking his head)
I'm to blame. I insisted on coming. I was worried---

He takes a step toward his wife, his manner solicitously affectionate.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me you were in such serious trouble? I---

MRS. GRAYLE
I wanted to spare you---

MR. GRAYLE
I might have been able to help. To prevent all this. . .

He trails off, sadly, looks at Marlowe.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)
Now. . . it is too late. If Mr. Amthor is coming, I suggest it be done quickly---

367 CLOSE SHOT - Ann, reacting with horror, realizing her father is urging her to kill Marlowe.

368 CLOSE - Marlowe, also reacting sharply.

369 GROUP SHOT featuring Mrs. Grayle, smiling confidently, seeing the control she has over the old man.

MRS. GRAYLE
Get his gun.

370 ANOTHER ANGLE as Mr. Grayle crosses to comply. Ann in the b.g. watches with horror.

MRS. GRAYLE
(smiling)
You know, this will be the first time I've ever killed anyone I knew so little about or liked so well --

Grayle finds the gun.

371 TWO SHOT. Grayle holds it, studies Marlowe a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE
What's your first name?

MARLOWE
(eyeing Mr. Grayle)
Philip for short.

mm

372 Grayle comes back toward his wife with the gun.

MRS. GRAYLE
Philip...Philip Marlowe.
(laughs)
That's a name for a duke, and you're just a nice mug... I've got a name like a duchess, Mrs. Lewin Lockridge Grayle... A couple of mugs...

She waves Grayle out of the line of fire. He puts the gun on the coffee table near her and sits in a chair, studying his lap.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
We could have gotten along.

Her expression tightens, she raises her gun.

373 CLOSE SHOT - Ann, terrified.

374 MED. CLOSE - Marlowe, stalling desperately.

MARLOWE
What's stopping us now? I can handle Moose---he's in love with you. He broke Amthor's neck yesterday because he's in love with you---

375 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST Ann, at the back of the chair in which Mr. Grayle is sitting. Mrs. Grayle reacts, with a slow smile.

MRS. GRAYLE
Then that leaves only you.

MARLOWE
There's nothing I want to do about you. I know enough.

She shakes her head.

MRS. GRAYLE
You know too much. It's gone too far---

She raises her gun. Ann makes a tense, abortive movement, stifles a scream. Mr. Grayle barely raises his head. Mrs. Grayle looks steadily at Marlowe.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
I'm too tired---

Two shots crash out, from close range, into her side. Her own shot is wild. She staggers, looks toward the chair in which Grayle is sitting. She can't believe it. She starts to crumple.

mm

376 MED. CLOSE. Mr. Grayle sitting in the chair, Marlowe's gun in his hand, his expression vacant and sad. Marlowe dives in, catches Mrs. Grayle as she falls, the CAMERA PANNING as he carries her to the sofa. Ann in the b.g. has stepped back against the wall, holding her head in her hands.

377 MED. CLOSE as Marlowe lowers Mrs. Grayle on to the sofa. She tries to smile, reaches up, gets her hand in his hair, pulls him down to her. Ann's sobbing comes over.

MRS. GRAYLE
(weakly)
The next time...you kiss a girl . ...take off your gun...

378 REVERSE on Marlowe, as he nods. Her hand in his hair relexes, she slips back.

379 LOW ANGLE on Marlowe's back as he raises up from the sofa and steps away, shielding her from the camera. His voice comes over, hushed, reverently - narrating.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
There's not much difference in killers. They all die -- some sooner than others, that's all. But she was the only really lovely murderer I had ever known. I had a feeling I should make her a farewell speech...

He raises his right hand in a sort of vague salute. The ANGLE WIDENS to include Ann, still sobbing. She hasn't moved.

380 ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Mr. Grayle. He stares at the gun in his hand, speaks softly, almost to himself.

MR. GRAYLE
I couldn't. . . I couldn't let her go on. . . I loved her too much. . .

Marlowe snaps out of it, glances at him, then across to the phone, starts for it.

381 ANGLE SHOOTING PAST Marlowe on Ann. He picks up the phone dials the operator.

MARLOWE
(into phone, quietly)
Let's have the police---

mm

(CONTINUED)

Ann looks up, chokes back a sob, horror-stricken, dives for the phone, grabs it away from him.

ANN
(defiantly)
Don't you realize he saved your life? Why must he suffer for that? Why must he suffer more?

MARLOWE
(quietly; reaching for the phone)
The cops always like to solve murders done with my gun.

ANN
(hysterically)
She's dead---isn't that enough? She was evil! All evil! What difference can it possibly make who killed her?

There is a sudden splintering of wood and glass. They all start, turn toward the windows.

382 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. Moose is standing just inside the French windows. He has evidently plowed blindly through and stands there now like a bewildered bull.

383 MED. SHOT. Ann and Grayle look slowly toward Marlowe, frightened, having no idea who this is.

384 ANOTHER ANGLE. Moose takes a step in, as he sees Marlowe, the back of the sofa screening Mrs. Grayle's body from him.

MOOSE
(accusingly, suspicious)
You don't call me. I hear it, so I come up --
(looks around disturbed)
I like to talk to Velma now.

He takes another step in. Marlowe pauses, glances down at Mrs. Grayle.

MARLOWE
(slowly)
It didn't work out the way I planned, pal... You got a refund coming.

Moose looks puzzled, follows Marlowe's glance, starts slowly and cautiously around the sofa as the CAMERA SWINGS. He sees her, freezes, and for a moment just stares. Ann and Grayle slip back out of the way.

mm

385 LOW ANGLE UP at Moose. He is in another world, has completely forgotten Marlowe and the others. Slowly his eyes begin to fill with tears and he begins to sink down to his knees. He begins to smile a little, sadly, approvingly, as he looks at her.

MOOSE
She ain't hardly changed... Just like always... Only more fancy... Cute as lace pants, always...

386 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe hasn't moved. He looks down, as if he had a very bitter taste in his mouth.

MOOSE
I wasn't going to bother her none if she done all right... I...

He wipes his nose with his fist. Ann suddenly throws herself into her father's arms, crying.

387 MED. SHOT. He holds her limply for a moment, scarcely aware of her, looks at Moose, drops his arms, takes a step toward him.

MR. GRAYLE
(softly)
It was the only way. It was the only thing to do. You must try to understand. I loved her very much. She was very beautiful---

Moose looks up at him slowly, focuses on him, begins getting to his feet, starts advancing on him.

388 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann looks up, her crying catches in her throat.

MOOSE
You shouldn't of killed her.

Grayle backs away. Moose keeps coming, blind, without reason.

MOOSE (cont'd)
You shouldn't of killed Velma --

Marlowe throws himself at the big man's back. Moose throws him off like a lion shedding a hunting dog, advances again.

389 ANOTHER ANGLE. Grayle backs toward the coffee table, terrified, sees the gun there. He reaches for it, Marlowe recovers and throws himself toward it at the same time.

390 MED. SHOT. Grayle grabs the gun as Marlowe stumbles forward across the coffee table, grabs the old man's arm.

391 MED. CLOSE SHOT ON Mr. Grayle. As he fires across Marlowe, Marlowe throws his hand up into the shot to protect his face, but too late. The gun itself seems to explode, the shot goes out of focus. the CAMERA PANS ANGLED DOWN, as Marlowe gropes out with his hand to steady himself. The screen grays down. There are two more shots. Ann screams.

The screen goes completely black.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
That old black pit opened up right on schedule. It was blacker than the others -- and deeper. I didn't expect to hit bottom. I thought I was full of lead...

Out of the darkness emerges a blinding light. It comes into focus, resolves into:

INT. ROOM IN HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

392 CLOSE SHOT - desk lamp. The CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM the lamp as in the opening scene. Marlowe is concluding his statement. Randall, Nulty, the secretary, and the others are grouped around much as before, only sleepier.

MARLOWE
And that's all I know, on account of I don't see so well with my eyeballs scorched---

393 ANOTHER ANGLE ON Marlowe. His eyes are bandaged, of course. Nulty glances dubiously at Randall, yawns. Randall gets up quietly, nods for the stenographer to follow him.

MARLOWE
I heard the shots, I didn't fire 'em. I don't know who got hit.

He thinks he is still talking to Randall.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(anxiously)
It wasn't the kid, was it? It wasn't Ann?

Nulty shifts uneasily. Marlowe hears him, seems to realize now that Randall is gone.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
That you, Nulty?

Nulty grunts affirmatively.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
How soon do I get to take these wrappings off?

NULTY
(yawning)
Couple of months. If you live that long---

394 ANOTHER ANGLE as Randall returns, carrying a gun, a wallet, a package, and some other personal effects. He pauses for a moment on his way to the table, glances off. Marlowe listens as he dumps the things on the table, tries to figure what is happening. Randall pushes the gun toward him. His hand touches it. He freezes.

395 MED. CLOSE SHOT. His face works as he fingers the gun for a moment.

MARLOWE
(slowly)
You mean I'm sprung?

RANDALL
(sharply)
Just get the blazes out of here and out of my hair. I'll have the statement for you to sign tomorrow.

Marlowe slowly puts the gun away.

396 TWO SHOT. He stares toward Randall.

MARLOWE
Who backed me up?

No answer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Who got shot? I heard two.

RANDALL
(hesitating)
Malloy --

MARLOWE
Dead?

RANDALL
Yeh.

Marlowe chews his lip a moment, waiting for the next one. Randall hesitates a little longer.

RANDALL (cont'd)
-- and Grayle.

MARLOWE
(thoughtfully, rhetorically)
Yeh? He did it himself?

No answer is necessary. He thinks for a moment, calculating. Then he relaxes, satisfied, begins stuffing things into his pockets.

cr (CONTINUED)

396 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
She okay, then. She skipped, thought it over, came around, and backed me up, huh?

RANDALL
I didn't say.

Marlowe looks around, as if trying to see through the bandages. The CAMERA PANS as he looks ACROSS Nulty and a couple of other cops, HOLDING finally ON Ann sitting quietly, apart from the group in the shadows.

MARLOWE
(looking right at her)
She here now?

She gives Randall a high sign.

397 ANOTHER ANGLE. Randall looks from her to Marlowe.

RANDALL
No.
(getting to his feet)
Okay, Nulty. See that he gets home.

Nulty comes around to take Marlowe's arm. Marlowe has put everything on the table into his pockets and now his hand touches the package. He feels it, puzzled, holds back.

398 ANOTHER ANGLE. He shakes it.

MARLOWE
You give going-away presents here?

RANDALL
It's yours. She gave it to you, didn't she?

Marlowe reacts, realizing what it is.

MARLOWE
She was going to, but I didn't finish the job.
(throws it on the table near Randall)
Anyway, I tried it on. It's wrong for my complexion.

He starts out, Nulty catches up with him. Randall picks up the jade.

RANDALL
(tough)
What do you expect me to do with it?



(CONTINUED)

398 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
(also tough)
Give it to your girl-friend.
Or give it back to China --

Randall glances at Ann.

399 SINGLE featuring Ann. She looks at Randall with a suggestion of a smile.

MARLOWE
Or strangle yourself with it.
I don't care.

He goes out, guided by Nulty. Ann trails along, several paces behind.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

400 TRUCKING SHOT as Nulty guides Marlowe across the corridor and rings for the elevator. Ann brings up the rear.

MARLOWE
(thoughtful)
What do you know about the redhead pitching for me?... How'd she take it -- about the old man?

NULTY
I wouldn't know.

MARLOWE
(smiling reminiscently)
Cute figure, huh?

Despite himself, Nulty takes a dour glance at Ann's figure. She smiles.

NULTY
I didn't notice.

The elevator arrives, Nulty steers him in.

MARLOWE
You must be low on vitamins.

Ann crowds in with them, her shoulder cramped against Marlowe's. The doors close.

WIPE OUT

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

401 MED. SHOT as Nulty and Ann start down the steps with Marlowe. CAMERA MOVES IN and FOLLOWS.

MARLOWE
She had more than a figure, too. Not a beautiful face. But a good face... A face like a Sunday School picnic --

He stops on the steps, looks toward Nulty as if studying his reaction.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Any idea what kind of face that is, Nulty?

402 ANGLE featuring Ann. Nulty forcibly restrains himself from looking at her. She is looking toward Marlowe, touched.

NULTY
I wouldn't know.

He urges Marlowe on down the steps.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

403 TRUCKING SHOT as they reach the foot of the stairs. Nulty heads for a cab stand.

MARLOWE
Too bad I had to push her around. I wonder how she figured me, anyway... Not much, probably.... I guess she thought I liked the blonde chewing on my face... She probably thought there was more...
(shrugging)
I'd like to tell her --
(he stops thinking)

404 MED. SHOT. Nulty is getting pretty impatient. The cab stand is in the b.g.

MARLOWE
There wouldn't be much percentage in that, would there, Nulty?

NULTY
I wouldn't know.

He starts Marlowe up again, taking him toward a cab.

405 MED. SHOT - the cab at the curb. The driver, anticipating them, comes around and holds the door. Nulty guides Marlowe in.

406 TWO SHOT. Ann stops Nulty from following Marlowe into the cab by taking his arm, pantomiming that she will take over now. Happy to be relieved, Nulty steps back.

NULTY
(to driver)
820 South Kingsley.

The driver nods, starts around. Nulty holds the door for Ann.

2

INT. CAB - NIGHT

407 MED. SHOT. Marlowe hasn't left a lot of room. Ann comes in, decides there is more room on the other side of him, crawls carefully across. Nulty closes the door quickly, sighs, and backs off.

408 ANOTHER ANGLE. The cab starts. She almost flies into Marlowe's lap, but braces herself, holds her breath.

409 MED. CLOSE. Marlowe tenses slightly as she comes close to him, sniffs the air.

410 ANOTHER SHOT as she sits back carefully, looks at him, wondering if he has caught on. He relaxes, sits back in the corner.

MARLOWE
Oh, well... Anyway, she made swell coffee, Nulty.

She exhales, relieved, sits back in the opposite corner.

411 ANGLE ACROSS Marlowe. He looks straight ahead. She studies him as they ride a block or so in silence.

412 TWO SHOT. He's still looking straight ahead.

MARLOWE
(suddenly)
Nulty --

She jumps.



(CONTINUED)

412 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
I haven't kissed anybody in a long time —
(turning toward her)
Would it be all right if I kissed you, Nulty?

She catches her breath, stares at him. His mouth is very serious. Then she bites her lip, begins to smile, her eyes get a little moist, and she slips over into his arms.

413 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. He holds her for a moment. Then she raises her head. He finds her face. Their lips are about to meet. Then he stops, pushes her away a little. She reacts, startled, hurt. He reaches inside his coat, brings out his gun, reaches around to put it on the seat beside her, and pulls her into his arms again. They kiss.

FADE OUT.

THE END